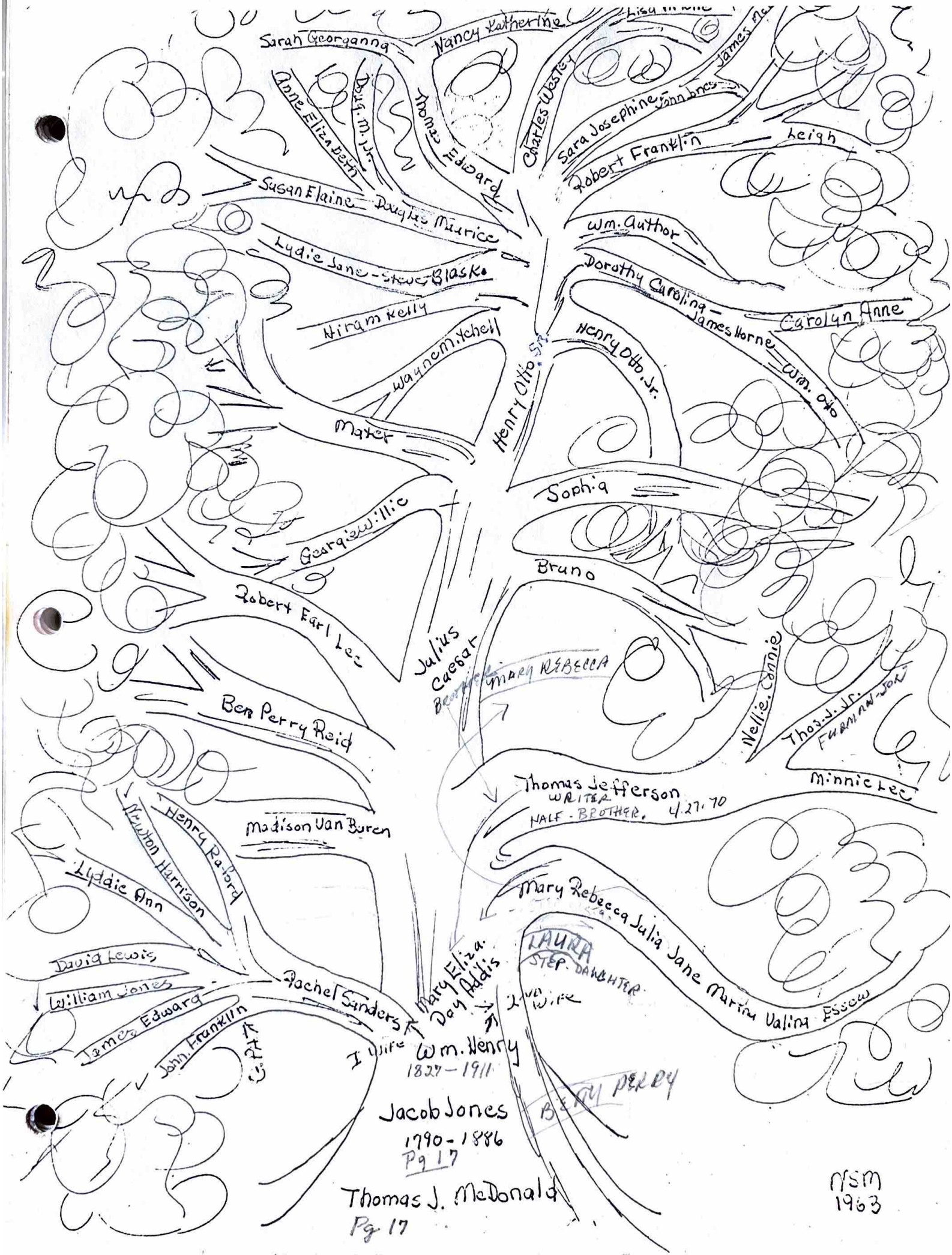
McDonald Memories


Sarah Georganna
Nancy Katherine
Lisa Marie
James Alex
Anne Elizabeth
Doug. M. Jr.
Thomas Edward
Charles Wesley
Sara Josephine
John Bruce
Robert Franklin
Leigh
Susan Elaine
Douglas Maurice
Wm. Author
Lydie Jane - Steve Blasko
Dorothy Caroline
James Horne
Carolyn Anne
Wm. Otto
Hiram Kelly
Wayne M. Mitchell
Henry Otto Sr.
Henry Otto Jr.
Mater
Sophia
Georgia Willie
Bruno
Robert Earl Lee
Julius Caesar
Mary Rebecca
Nellie Connie
Thos. J. Jr.
Fabian Jon
Minnie Lee
Ben Perry Reid
Thomas Jefferson
WRITER
HALF-BROTHER. 4.27.70
Madison Van Buren
Newton Harrison
Henry Radford
Lydie Ann
Mary Rebecca Julia Jane Martin Valina Essiew
David Lewis
William Jones
James Edward
John Franklin
Rachel Sanders
1 Wife
Mary Eliza Day Addis
2nd Wife
LAURA
STEP-DAUGHTER
Wm. Henry
1827 - 1911
BERRY PERRY
Jacob Jones
1790 - 1886
Pg 17
Thomas J. McDonald
Pg 17
NSM
1963

Editorial Note on Authorship, Later Contributions, and Provenance

The principal author of the original work contained in *McDonald Memories* is **Thomas Jefferson McDonald (1870–1952)**.[1] McDonald composed the genealogical narrative and the poem *"A Poem of McDonald Lineage,"* which together form the foundation of this volume. His work reflects a personal effort to preserve the history, traditions, and lineage of the McDonald family for future generations.

Later additions and revisions were made by members of the family in subsequent decades.

- **Johnnie McDonald Irwin (1921-2005)[2]** contributed additions and revisions to the manuscript in 1963, circa 1990, helping expand and clarify portions of the genealogical record.
- **Velma Jo McDonald (1928-1995)[3],** wife of W.F. McDonald[4], prepared additional commentary and editorial material in 1963, circa 1990, providing context for the earlier writings and assisting in preserving the manuscript for modern readers.
- **Furman Derzal McDonald (1924–1997)[5],** grandson of the author**,** added a biographical section circa 1990, offering personal recollections and background regarding Thomas Jefferson McDonald's life and character
- **Harold (Skip) Thomas Shervington III[6]** (grandson of Robert E. "Bill" McDonald[7] and 2nd great-grandnephew of Thomas) added, in 2026, a 1942 letter handwritten by Thomas. I also attached the genealogical research I conducted for McDonald descendant, France Ann Bailey (b.1942)[8].

Provenance of This Copy

This particular copy of *McDonald Memories* belonged to **Robert Emmett "Bill" McDonald (1914–2004)**. The **handwritten notes and marginal annotations appearing throughout this scanned volume are his**, reflecting his personal interest in documenting and clarifying details within his branch of the McDonald family history.

Together, the original writings of Thomas Jefferson McDonald, the later additions by descendants, and the personal annotations made by Robert Emmett "Bill" McDonald illustrate the continued effort of successive generations to preserve and interpret the history of the McDonald family. - **Harold (Skip) Thomas Shervington III** – March 2026.

---

[1] Thomas Jefferson McDonald, Sr (1870-1952), Find a Grave ID: 39035590; Wikitree ID: McDonald-30508

[2] Johnnie Evelyn Irwin nèe McDonald (1921-2005), Find a Grave ID: 295002548; Wikitree ID: McDonald-38649

[3] Velma Jo McDonald nèe Ward (1928-1995), Find A Grave ID: 156623156; Wikitree ID: Ward-55026

[4] William "Bill" Frank McDonald (1921-1997), Find A Grave ID: 156623221; Wikitree ID: McDonald-38653

[5] Furman Derzal McDonald (1924-1997), Find A Grave ID: 104678690; Wikitree ID: McDonald-38660

[6] Harold "Skip" Thomas Shervington III (b.1962), Find A Grave ID: 50451026; Wikitree ID: Shervington-25

[7] Robert "Bill" Emmett McDoanld (1914-2004), Find A Grave ID: 194150848; Wikitree ID: McDonald-33935

[8] France Ann Bailey nèe Riddle (b.1942), Find A Grave ID: None; Wikitree ID: None.

BEFORE WE BEGIN . . .

This book started out to be simply copies of the poem to share with other McDonald Clan members. However, along the way, we have added some Geneology, some "family information some sad facts, some happy facts". This has been a labor of love (since I hate to type), yet, we had a strong desire to pass on some of the bond of love from our past, and our strudy,Scotch-Irish Stock, that has made us what we are today. I am amazed and grateful as I read of the hardships and deprivations our ancestors went through to survive. My prayer is that future generations will read and appreciate all those early pioneers lived through. May we never take for granted or forget.

Velma (Jo)McDonald (married to W.F.McDonald) and Johnnie McDonald Irwin have spent many hours, many phone calls, many frustrations trying to search and find missing pieces of our family hertiage. It is no small task trying to read some of the handwriting, my own included.

We know there are many inaccuracies, many typos', many missing pieces of information . . . . . So, Jo and I decided to put the information we had finished in loose leaf binders three hole punched, so that each family branch can add to --- or subtract from, as you so desire. I have many,many pieces of family information, stories, and family history that I can add to the Alabama McDonalds. I have many memories of Granddaddy Mack telling us about the South Carolina cousins, and now I feel very priveledged to know and enjoy their friendship and getting simply to know some of them. We Are A Prolific Clan!

So add your family picture (photos pages will insert nicely wherever you wish to put them.) Add your funny stories, your newspaper memories and truly make it your "branch of the McDonalds"

May God Bless you and yours as you live and make more"McDonald Memories"

Johnnie McDonald Irwin
Rt. 4 Box 135 A Rivoli Point
Westminster, S.C. 29693
Phone 803-647-9398

Mrs. W.F. (Velma Jo) McDonald
6 Rogers Avenue
Greenville, S.C.29609
Phone 803-235-6956

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to Sarah Mitchell McDonald, wife of Otto H. McDonald, Sr., who was the son of Julius Caesar McDonald, brother of Thomas Jefferson McDonald.

Without Sarah's inviting the rest of his descendants to join with her private family reunions and sharing a hand written copy of Thomas Jefferson's poem, this book would have never become a reality. **SARAH, WE THANK YOU VERY MUCH!.**

IN APPRECIATION OF NELL MCDONALD GILLISPIE

THE ONLY SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF THE AUTHOR, THOMAS JEFFERSON

MCDONALD AND EVA NALLY MCDONALD

This is to acknowledge with deep appreciation for the opportunity you have given us to print your father's writings and to try to complete the geneology of the McDonald Line, of which he so graciously has written and to fulfill his desire that we, the descendents might know something of our ancestors. NELL, ALL THE McDONALDS THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

THOMAS JEFFERSON MCDONALD AND HIS STORE IN LAURENS COUNTY

WHERE HE DID MOST OF HIS WRITING OF OUR MCDONALD HISTORY!

No words I may write could ever describe
The way he felt toward his kin and life
He loved the closeness of his clan
And though I never knew him,
He must have been quite a man

To use his own words, I quote from Verse One hundred and nine
And hope you will take time to read the entire book in due time
"When I'd will my spirit well,
I find that prayer so much I need
Lest 'self' - my foe - should me compel
To violate my Godly Creed"

And as he closed his writings for each of us he prayed
"May He in wisdom from above, Henceforth,
Each of your footsteps guide."
Not only did he love his family, but he proved he cared,
As with us all, his knowledge he shared.

We challenge all the younger descendents to
Care enough to share with others and continue on
This story into the future.

Written by Velma "Jo" McDonald 6/90

(The following was written by Grandson, Furman D. Mc Donald)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR - THOMAS JEFFERSON MCDONALD

At some time during our lives, most of us have had visions of going on a treasure hunt. Perhaps searching for gold bullion that had been stashed away by prospectors of the old west, or maybe, silver and gold coins hidden by Confederate Soldiers during the final days of the Civil War. Pure fantasy you are probably thinking. Only a few people have been so lucky as to find themselves the beneficiary of a found treasure, one that was once thought lost forever. But the McDonald Family has experienced this rare happening. This literary treasure, the McDonald Family history, researched and written over a period of many years by my Grandpa Mac, Thomas Jefferson McDonald. Although the original handwritten script of his work, along with the many other poems he had composed, was burned in a house fire after his death, a copy of his script has been found.

During my early years, I did not have many opportunities to really get to know Grandpa Mac, since he and Grandma Mac lived in either Pickens, Seneca, or Oconee County and we lived in Laurens. But travel in the "twenties" and early "thirties" was not as easy as it is today. However, after the big war, my Dad, T.J., Jr. built a house and country store for them in Laurens and they moved closer to us. I remember with fondness, the many visits we had and the ensuing discussions pertaining to the family history and poems he had written. He once told me that the ideas and wording for his history and poems sometimes came to his mind after he had retired for the night, occasionally even coming to him in a dream. He would get up in the middle of the night to write down his thoughts on paper. (Grandma Mac must have been a very sound sleeper). During some of the visits we had at the store, he would talk about his years in the newspaper business, having worked for the People's Journal, The Picken's Sentinal, and The Clemson Gazette, I am certain that his journalistic experience was of great value to him in his research and writing of the McDonald History.

This family history is the treasure/heritage that Grandpa Mac has left for all of us, but I will also remember him as the fine, Christian and gentleman that he always was.

OUR BEGINNINGS IN AMERICA AS WE KNOW IT!

Word passed down from generations past tells us that two brothers Tom and Jerre(y) McDonald left Scotland Hills for a new life and new opportunity in a new land. They arrived in Virginia before our first Independence Day, presumably as young men. Tom J. married Anna Sussannah Jones in Virginia, a Commonwealth. Later Tom and Anna and Brother Jerre came to Oconee County and Tom and Anna settled down to raise a family. Jerre, we think went on to Hamburg, S.C.He evidently loved ships and water . . . Unfortunately, no more is known of Jerre or his descendents. So we must have many more McDonalds out there that are unknown to us.How fascinating and delightful it would be to find out what happened to Brother Jerre McDonald and how many descendents he sired. . . but that would be another story.

As you read the poem, you will be amazed, delighted and overwhelmed at our resourceful and enterprising forebears. There are many clues to their lifestyle, and their faith in God. I was impressed by their faith and survival instincts. Their way of life was absolutely unreal, as they came up with resourceful ways to solve their problems and fulfill their needs. Also their many adventures, such as the trip to Arkansas and return and the sinking of the Dardenelle, what an adventure that must have been. "Verse 211-216"

THOMAS JEFFERSON MCDONALD - HIS STORY

" I was born April 22, 1870, on the banks of the Keowee River, about three miles from Old Fort Hill - now the present site of Clemson College, My father, a sturdy, honest and hard working farmer was the son of Jacob Jones McDonald and Bettie Perry McDonald, both natives of Old Pendleton District, now is known as Oconee County. My great grandfather, Thomas Jefferson McDonald was a native of Scotland, I presume. Having come to this wild new country in early manhood and landed somewhere in Virginia. He married Anna Jones, who was a native of that region now a great commonwealth.

As a child I grew up on a farm near Seneca. Seneca according to my recollection of the town records was chartered about the year 1870. The center of the town being the crossing of the Old Blue Ridge Railroad and the Atlantic and Charlotte Air Line, now, known as the Southern Railway. Until 1878 my memory of the town is not so clear because I was there but a few times, but in Fall of 1878 our family moved near to Bounty Land School House, which was about a 16 X 32 one-room frame building with various kinds of seats, including some made of saw mill slabs. It had a rough stone chimney and an open fireplace at either end. It boasted about a three month school session each year and employed one teacher, who was the entire faculty. The student body which was not so large consisted of everybody from the A B C Class to young ladies and gentlemen in their late teens, and even early twenties. I recollect a part of the short terms of school was financed by subscriptions of patrons of one dollar per pupil for each school month, so you can see that the teacher was a well paid individual with a salary of about twenty to thirty dollars per month.

Judge Issac Wykliffe was the School Commissioner and the Superintendent of Education. He was an aged gentleman and had one empty coat sleeve. I suppose he lost one of his arms in the Civil War. He was a gentlemen of the old school. He went on horseback from school to school and while I do not know what his salary was, I would suspect that it was less than 10 % of the present salary of the same office. But he lived and reared a family on his meager salary and did a splendid job. His two sons Charles and John, I presume would tell you the same thing".

APOLOGY

To progeny I dedicate
The feeble lives I here miscribe
As I assay facts to relate
About our forebears and our tribe
For errors I apologize
If you for errors chance to look,
But ere my work, you criticize
I hope that you will "write a book".

Please understand, I do not claim
These thoughts of mine to faultless be
So, for defects, I take the blame
No faults you find will astonish me,
I give the data records show
Of family lives apologize;
But for the facts I do not know
I offer my apologies.

Yea, I confess with deep regret
Remissness faults of mine forsooth
In failing vital facts to get -
Making note of them in my youth
Thus I apologize to all
For facts in truth, I should have known
And criticism I'd forestall
By from admissions of my own.

Yea, and before my skit I start
I pray that wisdom guide my pen
That only truth I may impart
That benefit my fellow man
"Of making books there are no end"
A weariness of flesh, I quote
Yet I these many hours expend
To write of things and folks remote.

To those who chance to read
The Bible truths, to you, I'll give
And if their message you will blest
The better life you'll surely live;
Let all your thoughts be clean in youth,
And build your moral structure strong;
Base all your acts upon the truth
And do noone a willful wrong.

I, as an author, make no claim,
I blunder oft and often err.
So for mistakes I take the blame
Where errors in these lines appear.
The line I do not quote are mine
On them I've given thought and time
To set in order and combine
The facts I give to you in rhyme

A POEM OF MCDONALD LINEAGE

BY

THOMAS JEFFERSON MCDONALD

THE MC DONALD POEM

1. Ere, our first Independence Day
Two young men left their native home
From Scotland Hills, it was, that they
Set sail across the raging foam
The date was never known to me
These young men left their native strand
To sail away across the sea
To find a new and distant land

2. But if t'was rightly told to me,
These brothers - two came on their own
And while sur-charged with energy
They both were poor and little known
Their names they; Tom and Jerre
This Tom, was my own great-grand-dad
I do not know where they came from
To gain such knowledge, I'd be glad

3. But they were of Scotch-Blood
Hailing from Scotland, as I knew
None thought better, though as good
They well would reckon other men
Twas in Virginia, Tom was wed
To Anna Jones, - a lady true
I know 'tis as grandfather said
He made no claim, her blood was blue

4. But of great-grand-dad's folks, I fear
I may not tell you quite a lot
For things that were to me clear
I find that now I have forgot
But from Virginia they came West
They packed their chattels - brought their all
I can't say why this westward quest
Unless, perchance, 'twas wild-life's call

5. But they took up and brought along
The goods and chattels that they had
I cannot say how many strong
Or who came here with great-grand-dad
I know not why they made that trek
Nor, who was with that pilgrim band
Who pitched their tents by Richland Creek
Where there was nought but wooded land

6. Why they left lands as cheap in price
And lands were then by grants obtained
To brave the winter's snow and ice
That they these foothills might have gained
Why unknown forest travel through
Fording the streams, both large and small
Are points, I cannot explain to you
So, I these questions would forestall

7. They met dangers as they came
Men looked for many hardships then
But pioneers were sturdy men
It was not easy in those days
As it is now for me and you
For they unknown trails must blaze
And places hard they must come through

8. But blazing trails that none had gone
Perhaps you'd ask "How did they eat?"
The answer is, as they came on
In forest ranged abundant meat
For turkey, wild hog and bear and deer
In virgin forest did abound
Abundant wildlife was found here
In these woods all the year round

9. Guns - Flint and steel, then were but few
Percussion caps were then unknown
And guns were scarce, I'm telling you
So few, back then, a gun could own
Guns fired with steel - the old flint-lock
A flint held with a clamp and screw
Rais'd with the hammer as 'twould cock
And as it fell, the sparks then flew.

10. Those sparks fell in the priming pan
Twas not so rapidly it shot,
But if, held with a steady hand
The bullet always found the spot
In horns they'd keep their powder dry
Their bullets they would mold of lead
A marksman must aim at the eye
No marksman true must mar the head.

11. All guns were muzzle loaders, and
They's measure thus a powder charge
They'd lay the bullet in one hand
Though very small or extra large
There cover it with powder 'oer
And then they'd pour the powder in
Ram down the bullet and once more
They could by priming, shoot again.

12. Thus our forebears, as pioneers
Would wander on as trails they'd blaze
That men who came in after-years
Might follow where they'd mark the ways
No weakling could have been so bold
As were those sturdy pioneers
Hardships they met- those men of old
But valiant men were our forebears.

13. Through wilds, where no "pale face" had gone
These, our forefathers, brave and strong
On "Red Man's" trails oft followed on
Though journeying was hard and long
Thus, they came on for days and days
Their progress slow and oft delayed
Till came to the parting of the ways
Where Tom and Jerre, farewell, bade.

14. Tom chose Oconee County Hills,
Near to the mountains, blue and high
Perchance, he felt the deeper thrills
That brought his home in Scotland nigh.
In Hamburg, Jerre settled down
He'd heard that boats came there with sails
So settled near that river town
That men could reach by boats or trails.

15. I've nothing more of Jerre known
But he, a family reared no doubt
I know not if he went alone
Nor how in finals he came out
I'd guess a family he rear'd
That such is true, I but presume
I've nothing known and little heard
So, to surmise, I've little room.

16. Of Great-Grand-Dad, I nothing know
Except what granddad told to me
And I, no further back can go
Than landing in America
But I, a picture here have drawn
The scene near to one Richland Creek
With waning strength - resources gone
A wayworn band would end their trek.

17. I've never known how large the band
Who started on that lonely trail
How many failed, the like to stand
And who, if anyone, did fail
But they by Richland Creek would rest
All worn and weary with the way
And thus would end their westward quest
So, by this Richland creek they'd stay.

18. My great-grand-dad, as would appear
Would take at times, of "rum" his "wee"
Cunning - as Scot; As Scot - austere
In sport - of Irish stock was he
A man of courage, true and brave
As man to man he'd deal and square
Stood no offense; and none he gave
And never would he fake a dare.

19. Grand-dad was likened unto him
Though he, no spirits would inscribe
A man was he of pep and vim
A leader of his clan and tribe
Regarding other men as peers
He did not fear "That" he would meet
His soul held no tormenting fears
Nor did he stop for cold or heat.

20. Dad was an unassuming man
With eyes as keen, as they were blue
A true example to his clan
A man, a Christian - tried and true
No duty did he ever shun
He knew not any task to shirk
Faithful withal - his task well done
And at death alone did he cease to work.

21. Of dad, you'll find a further skit
When you a few more line may read
I would acquaint you, ere I quit
About his thoughts and his creed
And now, if you, will with me bear
I'll give to you my eulogies
My eulogies of Dad appear
In lines that now will follow these,

MY DAD (William Henry McDonald)

22. In praise of our mothers, nice tributes are paid
While tributes to dads, are but a few
So, this I am writing - as tribute to DAD
A tribute to him, overdue
My mother was faithful - sweet mother of mine
A better one no other has had
But Dad was as faithful, I truly opine
For none was more faithful than my dad.

23. My dad, I yet see him come in from his toil
At evening with hat in his hand
His hair always tousel'd - clothes covered with soil
But no man was ever more grand.
No idle time had he - no time to waste
T'was no time for loafing he had
Each day found him working - working in haste
For none could work harder than dad.

24. In my mind, in the cornfield - my earlier days
His plow mule, sometimes, I would ride
In my mind, I'd sat there astride
Old Toby - I'd ride him for round after round
When I was a wee small lad
Till over the hilltops an echo resounds
"William!" - T'was mother calling Dad.

25. I yet, see him plowing the tall rustling corn
I see yet his "Grasshopper" stock
I, yet see him busy, till night, from morn
As busy, was he as a clock.
No riches - not earthly- he'd labor,to get
That wealth, to himself, he might add:
Nor was he regretting, why should he regret
For honest and faithful was Dad.

26. I mind him when strong, I mind he grew frail
His last days, I mind, he was gray
But I cannot remember a promise he failed,
Nor debt that he refused to pay.
He bore well his burdens, he served well his fellow man
No weather, no task, was too bad
At work he was busy though small was his hands,
But duty came first, with my dad.

27. My dad, I remember, as he at last slept
His sun having set in the west
A good fight he fought and the faith he had kept
In death he had found time to rest
His task had been heavy, a task he'd well done
So tired that for rest, he was glad
For he with the faithful, a crown he had now won
For faithful in till death was my dad.

28. I mind in the church yard, we laid him to rest
Tis hallowed the place where he sleeps
Where never a trouble, his slumbers molest
For sainted ones God safely keeps
In Jesus he's sleeping, tis peaceful his rest
Till dawn of that morning so glad
For God,who had called him, knew when it was best
I know it is well with my dad.

29. He has been gone away for many long years
It was later my mother went too,
And I miss them so sadly - miss them in tears
The world seems so lonely and blue.
But long ago they have left us. - God took them home
And since they have gone I am so sad
But this not much longer till the close of my life's done
And I'll be with mother and dad.

By Thomas Jefferson McDonald

30. Near Coneross and Richland Creek
That hallow'd spot, I'd now revere
Where my forebears would end their trek
Build a "lean-to" and so squat there
In forest wild and dark and dense
That pilgrim band,would end their quest
Yea, they in jungles so immense
Would make themselves content to rest

31. I'd give to you our family tree
If I of data such could gain
But few records I can obtain
But I will give the facts to you
All information I can get
Records, yea, love and legends too
The errors made,I but regret

32. I know not of the hallowed grounds
Where my great grand-dad's bones, now rest
But I ere long if they be found
Will give results of such a quest
Their camp was near where Rock Springs stand
A church that bears the mark of years
And near the church, known as Richland
Where early worshipped our forebears.

33. But of their creeds, I've little known
Except that men on honour stood
Man's given word - his word alone
By everyone was deemed as good
"To thine own self be true" - I quote
Those were the thoughts of our clan
True as those lives a sage had wrote
They were not "false to any man"

34. But just for once, let us review
The scenes that met that pilgrim band
Who would invade a country new
Where forest wide, and dense, did stand
Perchance, there was a wigwam near
Perhaps there was a settler's claim
Perchance, another pioneer
From other distant regions came.

35. They had no rules - they had no law
Each settler on his own, must guard
Small colonies in counties raw
Must watch as well as labor hard
Indian - friend - he friend indeed
But Indian alive, he bad - white's massacreed
A story often told and sad.

36. And in those wilds were beasts of prey
The panther, wildcat and the bear
That found, sometimes, a child at play
And dragged its body to its lair
And Indians, so often good
Were superstitious, as you'd know
Who oft, white men misunderstood
Thus, on the war path "Injun" go.

37. So pioneers must watch and pray
A mind to work, they must retain
Yes, they must watch and work each day
If they, a livelihood would gain
Such were the lives of pioneers
Who, trees must fell their homes to make
Yes, working men were our forebears
Who first our virgin soil would break.

38. Indian corn, they learned to grow
This they on stones, with stones would pound
Yes, way of "red men" they must know
Whose crudest ways of life had found
Their meat was wild - t'was fish and grains
The Indians, were archers true
Whose arrows sped with deadly aim
From them, our dads, must take their cue.

39. But there was work for everyone
They had to raise their food and feed
Land must be cleared and building done
Little they had - a lot they'd need.
They met privations here and there
Their crops some years were not so good
But they would toil year after year
To make the best of life they could

40. Thus, Tom McDonald on his own
Brought up an average family
And Jake McDonald, was his son
And my grandfather too, was he
T.J. When I as yet was but a lad
Grandfather came with us to stay
His latter days to spend with Dad
T'was at our house he passed away.

41. In seventeen-ninety native born
He loved and well - each native hill
He loved the fields of wheat and corn
That he would spend his life to till
He was an honor to our clan
A man of courage, brave and true
Through life he was a sturdy man
A man who'd dare the right to do.

42. Always ambitious, strong and brave
In brawn and spirit, true as steel
His courage he held to the grave
His shoulder always to the wheel
An honest man he was - and true
The noblest work God could attain
His work he with his might would do
While he on earth could so remain

43. He lived with us as I have said
In eighteen-eighty-six he died
His native clay is now his bed
At Center Church out near Oakway
Since April eighty-six he's lain
To wait the morning of that day
When all who sleep shall wake again

Jake 44. Grandfather, I remember well
A lot of things, to me he said
Of Betty Perry, he would tell
Tell of the time when they were wed
He'd often speak of early life
How they would work - how they would fare
While toiling on, he and his wife
In common joys and griefs would share.

45. How cotton, they would finger seed
When there was nowhere found a gin
To get the cotton they would need
To make their clothes, they card and spin
And how they'd wash their wool and card
How they would work by pine-knot light
How they would toil, yes labor hard
Often till far into the night

46. Saw Mills - nor mills of any kind
Were hereabouts in early days
No mills they had, their grist to grind
They must grind meal the crudest ways
Doctors and druggists they knew not
But they'd on roots and herbs rely
In season these were not forgot
Some one would need them bye and bye.

47. More than a hundred years ago
There were but few small trading posts
No local cities as you know
Did any Piedmont"Deestict" boast
Tobacco crops they grew, were small
All crops on a smaller scale
In crudest ways, this they would haul
To marts where they could find a sale

48. A home made "hogshead" cask they make
A shaft in the center - they would put
And in that cask, tobacco laid
Was pressed down full - the head was shut
Fitted with shafts - the pony hitch'd
They roll away at early dawn
Perchance, by night their tents had pitched
Some twenty miles, or further on.

49. With such an outfit - such a rig
They to Augusta then must go
To pioneers, an event big
A short vacation - "don't you know?"
Some salt they'd need, an axe, a plow
An auger bit, a mattock or hoe
A bag of coffee - bell for a cow
And chance, a "wee" - oh, well you know.

50. The'd sell and barter what they took
They'd stroll the city up and down
They look and look around, to find the bully of the town
My great-grand-dad, and grand-dad, too
Met ev'ry man, as but a peer
To early customs they were true
The consequences they did not fear

51. Weapons were barr'd, of any sort
Among the early pioneers
For fistic battles were a sport
A fight was fair, with our forebears
Yea, friend with friend, might have a bout
That ended with a friendly shake
Their differences ironed out
A social "wee" they then would take

52. But sport was sport and work was work
And back at home they'd settle down
No place, nor time they had to shirk
Not soon again, they'd go to town
Such was the lives of our forebears
Such were their customs and their traits
Such were their time, such their affairs
As love and legend indicates

53. The first log cabins, settlers made
Must have withal, been very small
On walls of poles - boards loosely laid
Were weighted with poles, not nailed at all
Such were the homes of pioneers
Such were their ways - as of nomads
Such were our folks of early years.
But true, of metal, were our dads

54. Yes, early homes were rudely made
The bedstead built against the wall
A floor of boards was loosely laid
Or, chance, they had no floor at all
With peg and bar, the door they'd stay
Hinges for doors were made of wood
Chimneys they's build of sticks and clay
And so you see their homes were crude

55. They'd milk in "piggins" wooden pails
Their old cows - Pidy, Heart and Spot
When fences all were made of rails
Though they enclosed a field or lot
When stock in open range would graze
Fences of rails enclosed back crops
And cows could wander off a ways
No fences then the cows could stop

56. The range was wooded acres wide
Where cows could wander quite a ways
All fields enclosed - the cows outside
Would wander off as they would graze
So often Pidy failed to come
No bell at eve, no, not a sound
'Twas dark, the cows had not come home
No milk for supper till they were found

57. Voices would echo, far and near
As cows, at eve, the women call
The bell cows, they could nowhere hear
Though distant cows would often bawl
Then as the men from work would come
They'd take with them a pine torch light
And though the cows were miles from home
Those men would search for them by night.

58. The women left at home alone
While men go out , the cows to find
Must worry while their men are gone
As thoughts of ghosts dance in each mind
Afright, was in the childrens' looks
As distant dogs, their omen howl
Forbading phantoms, ghosts and spooks
Augmented by an old hoot owl

59. The screech owl, too, their blood would chill
As childish hearts, aloud would pound
While near their hut a whippoorwill
Lets his wierd evening song resound
You could discern the childrens' looks
As they to mother cuddled near
That they could feel that there were spooks
Round in the darkness everywhere

60. But mothers must be braver then
The children must not know her fright
Though things could happen to their men
Out in the woods, on such a night
And as the childrens' fright she shares
She takes the rifle from the rack
A sound without, she thinks she hears
She'd shoot, should Indians attack

61. The fear, the children must not know
Tho she could sense of perils grave
For pioneers of long ago
Must all be cool - must all be brave
And so, they listen as they wait
Until they faintly hear the bell
They've waited long - it now is late
The cows are coming - all is well

62. And so as to farming in those days
They'd run rows up and down the hills
Their cane they'd grind in the crudest ways
An old time wooden roller mill
Three wooden rollers in one row
These stood together, in one line
'Twas thus, they'd grind their cane, years ago
In the good old days of "Auld Land Syne"

63. In front, one man would feed the cane
While there would one man stand behind
The mill and turn it back again
Give it a second closer grind
The family all - children and wife
All must be working with a will
To shuck each stalk clean with a knife
Before they'd feed it to the mill

64. And when came juice, they'd squeeze like that
Till they'd have enough to cook a run
They'd place it in the boiler vat
And cook and skim until it was done
Sorghum was nice and sweet those days
When sweets were few, and hard to get
And though we've sweets made better ways
We like the taste of sorghum yet.

65. Their plowstocks all were made of wood
Of iron and steel, they little knew
Of course, such tools while not so good
Were best the people could do
Their wagons too, of wood were made
Spindles of wood, they'd grease with tar
Their wagons would not roll down grade
But then they were never driven far.

66. On great wide hearths, they'd cook and bake
They had no stoves on which to cook
For in the days of Johnnie Cake
The seething pot hung on a hook
Ovens and pots to bake and boil
I've said before, stoves were unknown
With crude utensils, cooks must toil
And sweat until her meal was done

67. The cooks those days endured that heat
That came from open fires, so hot
As they'd prepare the food they'd eat
In open oven, pan and pot
They had no wells in early days
So carried water from a spring
Their springs were often, off a-away
But all their water they must bring

68. And now to speak of old time men
I would this of their morals say
These men walked miles to preaching then
And hunted game along the way
Because they had crude ways to live
Of this fact I would you assure
Little they had that they could give
And few were goods they could secure

69. Their preacher, too, would walk for miles
That his appointments he might keep
That man of God car'd not for styles
'twas his to love and feed God's sheep
He'd preach to men "Repent, Repent"
His labor was a work of love
Preaching the gospel as he went
Pointing the lost to Christ above

70. He'd labor for his own and flock
He, all in all, did what he could
Twas jeans he wore, no long tail frock
This old time shepherd, true and good
No sacramental robes he'd wear
That fellow men he might deceive
But he would preach that everywhere
Men must repent and must believe

71. By precept and example, he
These fundamental truths would tell
Hold up the Christ of Calvary
Uncapping, oft, a burning Hell
He strove to lead a purer life
A true example, day by day
Above all selfishness and strife
He trudged along the narrow way

72. Yes, he would preach, men must repent
He'd warn lost souls of men, for love
No salary, no, not a cent
He trusted All to God above
You'd say the preachers, too, must live
Yes his flock knew that he must eat
So, of their substance, each would give
Of cotton, wool and bread and meat

73. But he would labor, seek to win
Though weary oft, and worn was he
Yea, he would strive to lead from sin
To Christian life and liberty
So, I was born, back in those days
I knew such people when a lad
People who had good old-time ways
No preacher I regarded bad.

74. Could I today but see as then?
Could I thinknow all men are just ?
Twere sweet to me in childhood when
A man, his fellowman, could trust
But knowledge we by age attain
That wisdom gained by passing years
Experience - that costly gain
We buy too often, with bitter tears

75. Yea, I thought preachers, not mere men
Such was my trusting childish mind
But sadly now, this truth I ken
The blind are often led by blind
The many doctrines many preach
And many doctrines false, I hear
Confuse the itching ears they reach
But Anti-Christ must needs appear

76. Some preach to gain of earth's increase
This, I so much regret to say
These watch the flocks, alone for fleece
and thus the sheep they lead astray
And many flocks, there are now that
Like many, they have grown thick
These like mules too,are waxing fat
And they like him have learned to kick

77. They have forsook their Maker then
Like men, as in days of old
Such walk, and talk as other men
When they are once outside the fold
Such are the wolves, thus cloth'd in wool
That are not feeding on his sheep
Who eat and drink till they are filled
Then like dumb dogs lay down to sleep

78. Beloved, I mean this as no thrust
I speak these words to all, in love
For preachers aren't all dumb, I trust.
Judgment, I leave to God above
I would not judge - to judge I'd fear
The judge of earth, the right to do
I know too, that He now stands near
To separate the false and true

79. I've left my subject once again
And rambled off somewhat, I know
But I will hasten back to when
Men had the crudest ways to go
When roads at best were only trails
When men with oxen drew their loads
And it was seldom they got mail
The people then had no railroads.

80. A telegraph or telephone
None of these people ever knew
And families far apart and alone
Had work that they must always do
So it was little, they could learn
Since every family had its work
And it was little they could earn
With not a chance a task to shirk

81. And people had no radio
So sometimes on a winter night
A family single-file would go
A narrow trail by pine-torch light
To sit with neighbors for awhile
Settlers were far apart those days
So they would go mile after mile
And often go a long, long way

82. How would a weekly paper look ?
Most of those people never knew
Some families never owned a book
For books those days were very few
So visitors, no time must lose
The women and the men must chat
They'd qet each others news and views
They'd talk of this, and talk of that

83. But children all must listen in
They must not speak a useless word
For them to speak was thought a sin
For children must be seen, not heard
But soon the midnight cock would crow
The visitors their torch would light
The hours have passed 'tis time to go
So they must bid their hosts "good-night"

84. But they had told of haunts and spooks
Ghosts that were seen, all dressed in white
Of stories never read in books
Of frightful things that stalk at night
The tales of ghosts they would relate
Would raise the listening childrens' hair
Oh how he'd feel that just outside would wait
Goblins with eyes of green - a glare

85. They'd feel chills down each tiny back
None would dare, of their bravery boast
For just outside in darkness black
They'd meet one of those awful ghosts
'twas superstition, as you'd know
But people then thought it was true
For in the days of long ago
To tell such,was the best they knew

86. I can but give you here a sketch
Of things as they used to be
But I this picture here would etch
As they of late appear to me
Well, my Granddad McDonald then (Jacob Jones)
Lived till in his ninety-sixth year
Still robust, till his last days when
Pneumonia ended his career

87. Of his household, I little know
This I again can but regret
But I will tell in lines below
Of those that I remember yet
Elizabeth - for short - was Bet
Grandfather's girl, I never saw
Left here before I was born as yet
To make her home in Arkansas

88. She with her husband Ben Burkett
In early years went further west
In Arkansas their life's sun set
In Arkansas their bones now rest
An then I had four aunts, I knew
I'll give their names and whom they wed
Caroline, Mary, Jane and Sue
They all have for many years been dead.

89. Joberry Sanders, Mary wed,
They long at Center Church have lain
Their native clay is there their bed
Until God's saints shall rise again
Jane married Myers, our records say
But soon his youthful spirit fled
So after he had passed away
She then Elias Mason wed.

90. Caroline to Mr. Harden wed
But little of them I could know
For they died long, long years ago
And Aunt Sue married Arch Elrod
These too have long gone their way
Their spirits have returned to God
Their clay returned to native clay

91. And Uncle Math McDonald wed
To Pheney Harden long ago
And now I stop and scratch my head
To find that little more I know
Of Grandsire's folks a sketch you've had
A sketch of aunts and uncles, too
And now to give you a sketch of dad
and then perchance my story's through

92. In eighteen-twenty-seven he
Was born in march - date twenty-eighth
I give this record, you see
Which gives the year, the month and date
He lived till old and full of days
His was a long and useful life
He bravely fought besides the GRAYS
Throughout the years of Civil Strife

93. William Henry McDonald - DAD
Was Uncle Bill to every one
The high esteem of all he had
An enemy, he was to none
He lived for others and labored hard
Truly a friend to all was he
There was no labor he'd regard
To help another drudgery

94. He passed away in nineteen and eleven
On October the eleventh day
He with the faithful waits in heaven
In Center Church Yard, rests his clay
He sleeps beside my mother there
Who died in June nineteen-eighteen
They're sleeping now, no dreams nor fears
Asleep in Jesus, rest serene.

95. Peace to their ashes as they sleep
At rest from toil- at rest from pain
Nor would we though our wounds are deep
Call them to be with us again
On November twenty-first day
In eighteen-fifty, Dad was wed
'Twas Rachel Sanders, records say
That he to hymen's altar led

96. She stood by him eleven years
She'd seven children to him borne
Ere she passed from this vale of tears
Leaving her loved ones, thus to mourn
John, Will, Newt and Henry - four
To these, I later will refer
And of the three who've gone before
Records of them will follow here

97. James Edward, too and Lydia Ann
And there was David Lewis - three
With them ere their short lives began
Their earthly soil they all must flee
Their mother died in or about
The dark year of eighteen-sixty-one
Late in the year war broke out
She fell asleep - her life's work was done

98. In eighteen and sixty-one Dad got a call
To serve with other country men
He must leave his children small
To join the Southern Army then
His children, he must leave alone
John was but nine - Dad's oldest son
Their mother frail, their father gone
Ere Henry had his life begun

99. With Will and Newt, ages six and two
I paint a sad picture here
A picture that is sad but true
That brings today, to me a tear
Those days, I'm sure, were hard for Dad
No clouds were silver-lined inside
And trouble must to trouble add
The news, and sad, his wife had died.

100. Grandma McDonald, too, was dead
She'd gone and left grandaddy Jake
And he had Iva Blackwell wed
For both of them a sad mistake
My Dad was in the Army still
He was with comrades at the front
A soldiers place, he'd gone to fill
With soldiers who bore well the brount

101. In times so hard Dad's lot was sad
Sad was his lot and sad his place
But there is naught in life so bad
That man cannot endure by grace
Dad stood the storm while comrades fell
As he his duty would perform
Yes, father lived throughout that hell
Alive came through that blighting storm

102. Grandpa McDonald always good
Dependable, he would do his share
For Dad's boys, did what he could
To see that they had proper care
Note
But in the year eighteen sixty-four
Dads leg pierced with a minnie ball
His head scalped, too - though not so sore
I'd say that was a real close call

103. While on a crutch, his leg in pain
He came home on a short furlough
'Twas good to be at home again
Though it was little he could do
My mother, Widow Addis then
Daughter of sturdy Austin Day
Whose husband died of measles when
He was in a camp far far away

104. Was of her husband, this bereft
In sixty-one or sixty-two
And with her infant child was left
To do the best that she could do
No better woman could be found
This I to you can truly say
She'd farm, and work her fields of ground
Doing her bit from day to day.

105. Nor did she whine, nor yet complain
Although her sacrifice was great
She'd sow her fields, harvest her grain
From early morn she'd toil till late
No days of leisure then she knew
No time had she to ever play
Her household work at night she'd do
The field work she would do by day

106. A woman stout, yea, and of skill
In days of peril, fierce and brave
She strong of frame - iron of will
Would wear the "blood-stone" to her grave
She'd meet life as it came to her
As mate and mother, she was kind
She'd take events as they'd occur
As by providence designed

107. Mother's Dad was Austin Day
Who lived and died in Cedar Rock
Though I can little of him say
I think of him as English Stock
Nichols was Grandma's Maiden Name
Of German stock, as I would guess
I've no records of the same
To this I would frankly confess

108. My mother's Maiden name was Day
Born March 16th, in forty-two
She was my mother as I would say
Wife of my father, records true
A true description - you have had
Of Ancestry, as best I know
And I'll additions gladly add
If I should learn them, ere I go.

109. But of myself, let others say
I boast not nor do I complain
I hope as closes life's short day
By grace a crown of life to gain
But when I'd will my spirit well
I find that prayer so much I need
Lest"self" - my foe - should me compel
To violate my Godly Creed.

110. Yea, myself my most deadly foe
Has won with me, nary a bout
With him I've exchanged blow by blow
By him, I've often been knocked out
Yea, and myself, would me deceive
Would have my spirit to rebel
Would have me oft, God's Spirit grieve
Yea, "self" would send my soul to Hell

111. Would I myself then sell too high
Would I for more than worth be bought
Nay, let God's standards here apply
Though by His standards I be naught
As servant, I've no profit been
Yea on my tomb, let chisel trace
"Here lies one born conceived in sin
Lies here a sinner saved by Grace"

Note

112. I've given eulogies of Dad
I've spoken that, I thought was true
And now, of Mother, I would add
Yea, I would give these lines to you
So in the lines that follow here
I'd speak of Mother - yea would write
The line, "My Mother" as appear
In solemn verse I here indite

113. MY MOTHER (Mary Elizabeth Day Addis McDonald)

It's Mother's Day, but Mother left us
One sad day many years ago
Sad was the fate that so bereft us
No deeper grief could mortals know
So Mother's Day afresh is bringing
The sadness of our yester-years
As mem'ries of the past are clinging
To thoughts that but renew our tears

114. But mother's gone to rest forever
Nor would we call her back again
No, we would call her back - no never
To share our heartaches, grief and pain
Your passing, Mother, brought us sadness
But it is best you are hid away
From strife till dawns the morn of gladness
His Saints, God keeps, against that day

115. Yea, Mother, it is best you're sleeping
And though your passing brought us pain
We're glad, as Mother, we hear weeping
To know that you will never weep again
We could not wake you from your slumber
God wills your sleep - His Will is best
For soon we all must join that number
'Twill not be long, we too must rest

116. Yea,Mother sleep while earth is shaking
Sleep while Blood flow to bits
Sleep while all Mothers' hearts are breaking
Sleep while their sons are caught by blitz
Yea, Mother, we'd weep for the living
While for the dead we'd breathe a sigh
Weep for the countless mothers giving
Their sons, on Battle Fields to die

117. Your life you laid upon love's altar
To God and duty you were true
You murmured not, nor did you falter
No sacrifice seemed hard for you
Your life you gave to God in keeping
A living sacrifice you made
Your all upon His altar heaping
You sacrificed as He had bade

118. Yes, Mother dear, we miss you ever
We miss you since you went away
But would we call you back ? No, never
To share the troubles of today
'Twere better mother you are resting
God wills your rest - His will is best
A while you slumber no more molesting
In peace sleep on, and take your rest (END OF MOTHER POEM)

119. Well, Dad and Mother married in
October eighteen sixty-four
He went to his command again
Saw service scarcely one year more
A Private, he in Company C
This much to you, I would explain
Fourth South Carolina Cavalry
That he had gone back again

120. Sixty-five saw that struggle cease
My dad with comrades came home broke
To realize the price of peace
Hard times, those days, were not a joke
But there were harder things ahead
I speak of reconstruction woes
When men would have chosen death instead
At cruel hands of fiercist foes

121. But those events are in the past
I pray, no malice,may I hold
For time will heal - must heal, at last
All human grievances we're told
But from the bottom all must start
No money and but few supplies
How could the South have had the heart
But how could they start otherwise?

122. With short supplies of meat and bread
And very poorly they were clad
But equal to the task ahead
They made the best of what they had
Those reconstruction days - a blight
Republicans then held the reins
Of government - such was our plight
Let us not mind those days again

123. From sixty-five to seventy-six
For us those were the harder days
Republicans - that motley mix
Were an offense in many ways
'Twas thus till the red-shirt campaign
When southern men removed the blot
The Democrats, seizing the reins
Completely checked that motley lot

124. Wade Hampton was made Governor then
The Democrats had seized the reins
Ousting those Carpet Bagger men
Securing thus, house rule again
Can we forget the red-shirt ride
In blazing shirts they rode the streets
Yelling as they rode side by side
"Hurrah for Hampton" - all repeat

125. Dad wore a red shirt on his own
Republican ? No, not for me
I'm a Democrat - yes to the bone
I'm a Democrat - Yes, siree
Can Reconstruction be forgot?
Can we our such frugal days forget?
Mother at work by Pine Wood Knot
I can see her carding and spinning yet

126. Yea, and I mind the pinch of need
Those days, for all, with labor fraught
Clothes were as scarce as food and feed
And there was little that could be bought
Of luxuries, we little knew
Conditions we must face were tough
Those who had plenty, were but a few
And many fares were course and rough

127. How were your lights ? I hear you say
Did you not have lamp globes made of glass ?
Nay, we knew not such in that day
Our first coal oil we burned in brass
Compare those with electric lights
That shine at night, as noon-day clear
Lighting the nation now by night
Dispelling darkness everywhere

128. A candle dip we sometimes made
Beef tallow with bees' wax we'd mix
Strings, saturated thus were laid
Or wound on forked dogwood sticks
As those wick burned, they were unwound
To keep it all from catching fire
This wick, we lift round after round
Gave light where we would light desire

129. And candle moulds - those made of tin
We'd use to better candles mould
Some pure beef tallow - we'd pour in
And let it settle till 'twas cold
For pine knot light was plenty hot
On Summer nights to so endure
And folks discarded the pine knots
When better lights they could secure

130. If we time's clock could backward turn
and live a century ago
We'd miss this age when men must learn
Things people didn't use to know
No lamps for light, no stoves to cook
No telephone, no radios
Newspapers ? None - scarcely a book
And no railroads on which to go

131. We'd turn back time - the pageant view
Since we, this country first have known
We gaze with awe, inventions new
We mark those things that skills has done
In those few years what genius' wrought
Since we our independence won
Would awe the sage who once had taught
There's nothing new beneath the sun

132. To Morse and Franklin much is due
You mind of Franklin's famous kite
That caught the lightening - tame'd it too
That Morse had taught to read and write
McCormick made the Reaper go
And Whitney fashioned first a gin
And Compton made a mule and so (mule- spinning frame)
We have the frames on which to spin

133. Then Power Looms were made to weave
The yarns and spinning frame now spins
From bales of cotton, mills receive
From massive Munger cotton gins
Titanic buses replace hacks
These traverse our great traffic lanes
And thriving towns dot railroad tracks
That are traversed by speeding trains

134. Our traffic lane, that once were bad
Are transformed into broad highways
The rugged trails that once we had
Are arteries where traffic plays
Where once the oxen trudged the road
The trailway and the mountain pike
Through dark ravines, drew on their load
Where seldom did the hombre hike

135. We find broad-ways through these now lie
With fill, and steel, they spare ravines
And O're such lanes traffic may fly
High up above the mountains serene
And through these mountains, high and blue
Highways transverse through cove and gap
And goes the traffic thund'ring through
As traffic lanes beyond they tap

136. But pleasing prospects, end most sad
The better prospects, in reverse
Yea, where the good turns to bad
In mamural man, there's nothing worse
So, with the skill God gave to man
A pleasure and a thing of joy
The wicked ones, use in their place
Their fellowbeings to destroy

137. Gas motors fed by gasoline
Came as a blessing to mankind
But soon came Satan on the scene
To hellish uses, for them, find
A blessing was the skill and craft
What made the cars and flew the planes
But satan skill of such would draft
That he, man's blood of life might drain

138. So that god gave man to use
The good of man to further here
Would satan have him thus abuse
To maime and kill and fill with fear
The scene appall - the soul, it owes
As wicked men, machines employ
And so far disregard God's laws
As too, in million, men destroy?

139. Thus speed and genius, men combine
To murder and maraud and waste
Yea, skillful man, machines design
Yea, skill the murderer would make haste
Yea, female dragons, soar on high
To hellish eggs, at random lay
Raining destruction from the sky
To terrorize - to maime and slay

140. We've passed the day of woodland trails
No carts by oxen, now are drawn
But traffic now traverse the rails
And on highways thunder on
And as we would the scene review
From days when men on honor stood
Where all men were regarded true
And man was one great brotherhood

141. These thoughts , I'd bring you, of the past
You have with you, this age and trend
A trend, in all to speed and fast
Signs that the"finis" would postend
I'd hand to you the open book
Read for yourself the Sacred Page
To prophesies, I'd bid you look
A pastent of our speeding age

142. Perchance, I from my subject veer
Perhaps you think my parchment wit
But trends I see, as they appear
I bring to mind, lest we forget
But I that line of thought will drop
And write of "Auld Lang Syne" once more
But , I, again ere, I may stop
May ramble off, as heretofore

143. Now let me see, oh yes - I know
My subject should be family work
They'd card and spin and weave and sew
No time, nor place, could any shirk
Each home was its own factory
Most everything was then homemade
Each one must his own hammer be
Yea, his own "Jack" of every trade

144. Collars of shucks, they'd make for stock
Plows, they would lay weld on a "pint'
They , meat would get from herd and flock
A ham, or shoulder was a "jint'
Handle was "helve" though spade or maul
A milk pail was a "piggin" - yes
And capes they wore, to them, was "shawl"
A gown, to them was not a dress

145. On old time ways we'd now be green
Their soap, they made of grease and lye
A cake of soap, they none had seen
With walnut and sumacs, they dye
Of parched rye, they made a brew
This was a coffee substitute
And sasifras and spicewood, too
Were splendid teas in wood or root

146. But work to them was work, I know
With willing hands the women wrought
Some at the loom while others sew
Clothes were home spun - but few were bought
Yes, all day long, mothers must sew
In manner, deft she'd ply the thread
Soon she would rise, toil the day through
And often would go late to bed

147. And in the field, beside the men
When mother in the heat would hoe
The wages was just half pay then
Though she with men did row for row
She must her children leave alone
While she would toil throughout the day
And when her weary day was done
She'd only get a man's half-pay

148. This warp'd concept of woman's rights
The widows rights to earn her bread
Gave mothers many sleepless nights
Where children must be cloth'd and fed
But they could only get half pay
And there was none to interfere
So thus injustice, stood that way
And took her toil year after year

149. My mother's loom, I see it yet
A clumsy-heavy wooden frame
Her movements - deft- can I forget
As shuttle went and shattle came
Can I forget her spinning wheel
Forget her stepping, forth and back
Forget her warping bars and reel
Forget that wheel's familiar crack ?

150. Nay, I see Mother toil by Dad
Each of his burdens see her share
While mothering the babes that she had had
For which I see her own hands care
Dad's family records, follow here
In order as his children came
And each child's family will appear
In order, as I give each name

I 151. First; John Franklin McDonald, who
On the seventh day of August came
Born in eighteen and fifty two
I've given here his birth and name
But I've no data, day or date
Records of when John's children came
But I will try here to relate
Their order and each given name

152. Martha Rowland, he took to wed
See Pg 71
About eighteen and seventy-four
They lived a long and useful life
Together sixty years or more
In eighty-three they moved away
T'was in the Autumn of that year
In Alabama 'twas there that they
Have made their home since they left here

153. Of them, since then, I've little known
So there is little I can say
But that in years they've older grown
Since they so long have been away
In February, seventy-eight,
Their first child Armsted Burt, came on
I cannot give the exact date
This heir was born - John's eldest son

154. Then Sam, and George, were born here too
These three were born in Oconee
Then Wilton, Agnes and Embrue
And Crayton - four, yes, four there be
Yet of these Alabama heirs
There is little I can say
I cannot know of their affairs
Since they have been so long away

Note (155). This verse I add in forty-one
John F. McDonald's sad demise
He passed from earth - his lifework done
In his adopted state he lies
He sleeps in his adopted state
Beneath the Alabama sod
The angels trumpet call to wait
His spirit we commit unto God.

Note (156). December first in forty-two
His widow Martha Rowland died
In Alabama State, she too
Was buried by her husband's side
Sixty three years they side by side
Had trod along the road of life
Until they reached the great divide
And left this world of sin and strife

Note (157). Again I add with saddened heart
That John and Martha both have gone
But meeting we know, is to part
And parting, we shall meet beyond
They sleep in their adopted state
Beneath the Alabama sod
The angel's bugle - a call to wait
Their spirits have returned to God

II 158. James Edward, next to John, we see
My brothers born as records show
October 5, in fifty-three
But he too soon was called to go
In eighteen and fifty-six in May
III 'Twas then, then that David Lewis came
Born on the twenty-seventh day
I give his birth and date and name

159. But his life was the briefest span
And so he died in infancy
For ere his short life he began
His youthful spirit fled away
On April twelfth in fifty eight
It was then that Lydia Ann came on
But she on earth, not long must wait
Until her spirit, too, had flown

160. And in eighteen and fifty-five
Now this birth should have followed James
'Twas William Jones that did arrive
But I some way, have mixed their names
The eighth of January born
In Nineteen and thirty-one he died
At Popular Springs, he waits that morn
While his last wife sleeps by his side

161. He wed Martha Armanda Wright
About eithteen and seventy-four
But she too, soon must take her flight
From earth to that celestial shore
So, she now sleeps at Seneca
October tenth, was her demise
In eighty-four she went to stay
With all the saints in Paradise

162. But Will was young, when left alone
And he, then Mamie Chandler met
So, he, her heart real soon had won
And soon their wedding day was set
'Twas August ninth in eighty-eight
That Lillian came with them to stay
'Twas in that year and on that date
That she was born, the records say

163. But there is much I have forgot
This weakness I can but regret
Regret that I remember, not
These vital things, I now forgot
But Lawerence and Florence, and Jessie three
I'll try their records to relate
I've only birth dates given me
So, I of deaths can give no date

164. 'Twas on the sixteenth of May
In eighteen-ninety was the year
At Belton born, the records say
That Lawerence McDonald was born there
Florence, was born on August the sixth
In the year eighteen-ninty-two
At Belton, born - records affixed
I'm sure this is her record true

165. In ninety-six on a beautiful day
On June first that year
Jessie was born the records say
She too, at Belton did appear
Lillian, to Lester Adams wed
But they are both, now dead tis true
For many years, they have been dead
Died intestate - left no issue

166. Wade Lumkin was to Florence wed
But soon her wedded life must close
Yea, soon her gentle spirit fled
Unto that land of perfect peace
Gone to that bourne, whence none comes back
Her ashes now sleep at Return
Her children - two- Ruby and Jack
Were left, their mother's love to yearn

167. Twas on November twenty-eight
Nineteen-nineteen, the year would be
Twas in that year, and on that date
Lawerence wed Leola Kennedy
They had four children- as we see
The records, I'll in order give,
W.F. , Mildred, Dora, three
And Raford -four- these all, yet live

168. W.F., the first she bore
Born in nineteen and twenty-one
His birth date, January four
He's Lawerence McDonald's oldest son
And Mildred born in twenty-three
Her birth date as I understand
Was March the twentieth, and she
I'm sure was born near Bounty Land

169. Twas nineteen twenty-six the year
And on the thirty first of May
Dora McDonald did appear
I give her birth and name and day
And, then in nineteen twenty-nine
To them, was born another son
The second month and day infine
They Christened Raford this last one

170. These records I but briefly give
Mostly excerpts from memory
I make these statements while I live
I know not when my end shall be
But Jessie last, Will's youngest heir
A Miss -her maiden name, bears still
These records, tough meager they are
Conclude my memory of Will

171. Newt, born on July thirty-one
In the year eighteen fifty-nine
Twas then that Newton Harrison
Took his place in our family line
We buried him in thirty-three
At the good age of seventy-four
In Robinson's Cemetary
In peace, he sleeps, his labors o'er

172. It was in eighteen eighty-two
That he to Margaret Becknell wed
Of his two children, it is true
That Mack and Rosa, both are dead
Their mother died when they were small
And Newt was left alone to bear
His sorrows, as I now recall
Two children, too, for which to care

173. Quite young in years, twas Rosa died
Beside her parents she now sleeps
The three are resting side by side
While God, their spirits safely keeps
And Mack died in nineteen-sixteen
I've told you was Newt's only son
May peaceful be his rest serene
Where he now sleeps at Williamston

174. Thus Newt's record is ended here
A living issue left he none
So ends a record and career
McDonald, Newton Harrison
He sleeps now in that lonely plot
Close by the ones that he loved best
To call you back - no we would not
Now that you sleep, we bid you rest

175. Henry Raford - born in sixty-one
September eighteenth was the date
You have the date his life begun
His record I have given straight
In thirty-seven was his demise
He sleeps in peace beside his wife
Whose ashes now at Hodges lies
At rest from toil - at rest from strife

176. It was in eighty-six or near
That he and Maggie Chandler wed
I'm sure that he about that year
Had he to hyman's altar led
Their children came in order thus
Of two of these we are bereft
Of Arthur, Frank and Julius
There's only Julius,now left

177. Arthur was killed quite suddenly
At Belton on Sabbath Day
Twas nineteen twenty-two when he
So suddenly was called away
A motor car they'd gone to try
It happened while coming back
His head was caught twixt wheel and tie
When it jumped from the railroad track

178. He left his wife and children dear
Bereft as it is plain to see
Elizabeth and Raford were
Left fatherless in infancy
Frank's life was cut short with the flu
In nineteen-eighteen, his call came
Single he died - left no issue
He left no seed to bear his name

179. In Thirty- then Maggie died
My brother's widow did decease
At Hodges she now rests beside
The ones that she loved best, in peace
For she had crossed the Great Divide
Saturday, January eighth
And took her place by Henry's side
With him the angels call to wait

180. I've given records, all I've known
The dates I give are records true
It's faults I herein freely own
For faults in it, are not a few
Of Rachel Sanders' children, here
She bore to Dad, you have the facts
Next mother's children will appear
Which chance may close my final acts.

181. Twas in eighteen sixty-one
On July seventeenth, the day
That Laura Addis' life begun
But she long since has passed away
In eighty five was her demise
She long ago has gone to rest
At new Hope Church her ashes lie
While she is gathered with the Blest

182, She was my mother's only child,
By Mackey Addis, Ma's first man
Her life was gentle, meek and mild
But only was of shorter span
She married in eighteen and seventy-eight
To Robert David Robinson
I knew the year, but not the date
That Laura's married life begun

183. She bore two children, Reid and Bess
Reid's birth date was in eighty-two
But when he died, I must confess
The date and year, I never knew
Reid married Bertha Smith and they
Long made their home in Liberty
So, it is here that rests his clay
While we no more his form may see

184. And Bessie married Med F.Day
At Phinneys long was their abode
About five miles from Seneca
And very near the Blue Ridge Road
She mothered three - that much I know
Two daughters and an only son
Leona and Doll and Leo
These are all living - everyone

185. But Bessie died in thirty-nine
And so, of her we are bereft
Since she has gone, for her we pine
Twas on her birthday that she left
October tenth in eighty-four
Was her birthday as records say
But sad it is, she is no more
At New Hope Church now rests her clay

186. August, nineteen in sixty-five
Brother Van Buren , hale and strong
In family line did there arrive
But his life span was not so long
Near his birthday in ninety-one
In August then he passed away
We laid him when his work was done
To rest at his home - Seneca

187. About eighteen and eighty-eight
I am not sure that was the year
But Van was married near that date
At Abbeville, or Dorroughs near
Lizzie Gaston he took to wife
And then next year their first child came
A little girl to bless the home life
Olive Magnolia was her name

188. At Salem she has chose to dwell
To Beauford Abercrombie wed
I little of her like can tell
So, there is little I have said
Strange as it seems, I have not seen
Her in near half a century
She as a child - spotlessly clean
Is pictured in my memory

189. My brother Reid, born on Christmas Day
I give records as they appear
In sixty-six the records say
But his life span was scare a year
Then Robert lee born sixty-eight
On november, the eleventh day
Who yet is living at this date
Although aged now and gray

190. I rewrite this in forty-one
Sunday the eighteenth day of May
And, as his record I've begun
I would of Brother Robert say
A record true, of Robert Lee
To Ava Crenshaw, he was wed
Four of his children live, we see
His other children all are dead

191, Lizzie, Mertilee, Margaret, Kate
All four of these are living yet
I'll give their record day and date
If information I can get
Wales was an infant when he died
Harold was killed when he was grown
He'd taken a motorcycle ride
Just where he went, I've never known

192. But as he came back home, he struck
It was as he had tried to pass
The rear end of a heavy truck
And so he died of injuries
And Vivian with health aglow
Quite suddenly was taken ill
Though young in years - so young must go
We must bow to the highest will

193. To William Hezekiah, last
The call then came,that debt to pay
Sad was the day when Willie past
Our hearts are sad since he went away
And Lizzie and Grady Smith had wed
Four children, she to him had borne
When Grady's spirit from him fled
And left his family to mourn

194. I've some more records given me
Records that I'm sure are true
A further sketch of Robert Lee
McDonald I will give to you
In eighteen ninety-seven he
On August the first day was wed
Near Fairview Church in Oconee
To Ava Crenshaw, as I have said

195. Ava Lourena Crenshaw was born
August the sixth, in eighty-two
And given records show they mourn
Family ties broken, not a few
In eighteen hundred and ninety-eight
On November seventh date
Elizabeth was born on that date
As Robert's family records say

196. On October the sixteenth day
In nineteen twenty she was wed
I mention this again to say
Her husband, Grady Smith is dead
She had four children to him borne
Loyd, Connie, Wales and Bob - the four
She was a widow left to mourn
The fact that Grady was no more

197. Then William Hezekiah came
On October eleventh, true
From his grandfather he took his name
Single he died - left no issue
In nineteen hundred was his birth
His demise in nineteen thirty-five
Though he was young, he passed from earth
Though he is dead, he's yet alive

198. Beulah, born June in nineteen three
To be exact the fifth, we're told
Too soon her earthly coils must flee
Passing when but a few days old
Margrite Ellen in nineteen and four
Born on October twenty-fifth
I mention her a heretofore
As one of those who are alive

199. She married Charlie Clark on June
The fourth day, nineteen and twenty-two
But he must pass from earth too soon
And leave her as perhaps you knew
She yet her widowhood retains
Or did, the last of her I've known
And if a widow she remains
"Tis best sometimes we live alone

200. Nineteen and six, on April date
To be exact the second day
Mertilee born the records state
I give it as the records say
December twenty-fourth the day
The year nineteen and twenty-nine
When Charles H. Early, records say
Took wedding vows with his divine

201. No further records I can give
Their children names I do not know
If further records I receive
I'll add them in the verses below
October sixth, nineteen and eight
Robert Edward, that day came on
But he'd not long on earth to wait
Until his spirit young had flown

202. Annie Katherine - for short Kate
Nineteen-eleven was the year
The twenty-eighth of May the date
Her place of birth I know not where
She married Olin Harrelson
September second and twenty six
He married life that day began
These are the dates, records affix

203. James Wales -born nineteen and fifteen
Born on the twentieth of June
Died March the fourth in seventeen
His life was short - his death came soon
Next came Vivian Caroline
The last one born in line she was
Born on December twenty-nine
In the year of nineteen-twenty

204. In thirty-four was her demise
On February, second day
Near Greensboro her body lies
The angels summons to obey
And there is Ray who slipped my mind
He is some twenty years of age
Whose record I have failed to find
In writing or in memory's page

205. I've given all records I've known
Of McDonald, Robert E. Lee
My ignorance, I herein own
Concerning him, and family
To you may criticize I fear
For errors and the things untold
Things that to me would have been clear
When they were memories not so old

206. In nineteen forty -nine the year
On February twelfth the date
My brother Robert left this sphere
To go to that most blest estate
In his adopted state he sleeps
In old North State his ashes lie
While God his soul doth safely keep
In that sweet home in Paradise

207. Twas on the banks of Keowee
Eighteen and seventy, the year
That like, by grace was given me
By such a grace, I still am here
I'm William Henry's son
On April twenty second born
They named me Thomas Jefferson
On that balmy April Morn

208. Of course, I do not recollect
Nor, of that event, do I brag
But Doctor Lewis, I suspect
Brought me here on his faithful nag
And"Mammy Jane", though Black was good
My mother's faithful friend was she
Then took the care, as "Mammy" could
Of Mother dear, and wee, small me

209. It was that year in early fall 1870
My dad had made a splendid crop
There came to him a westward call
To golden harvests, he could mop
And so he talked it o'er with Ma
Of how, that fall- they'd make a sale
I know he did - twas just like Pa
So he had soon sacked up his kail (slang for cash)

210. Railroads were far apart, you know
And travel, all was slow and rough
So Dad rigged wagons - two - to go
And in the wagons, laid his stuff
Dad, mother, John and Will and Newt
Aboard them, one November day
Took Laura, Van, Bob - me, to boot
And all aboard we roll'd away

211. Three happy boys - John, Will and Newt
Great were the things they now could see
And it was great, I'll not dispute
Though it had little meant to me
Who then was but an infant chap
Of course, I went, as you'd suspect
Both went and came in mother's lap
And so I nothing recollect

212. But great were things, the boys would tell
These often told, since I was small
Have all been drilled in me so well
I seem to recollect it all
We rode and rode, day after day
Through Georgia and Tennessee
And so we jogged along the way
Until at Memphis soon were we

213. Steam Boats at Memphis plied the stream
The Dardenelle at anchor lay
Her engines now emitting steam
That soon would drive her on her way
My dad a passage tried to gain
Aboard the Dardenelle
The Captain's language was profane
What he said is not to tell

214. Yes, we would board the Dardenelle
But fate was in our favor there
Or I my story could not tell
For I, no more would have been here
The captain said "What do you think?"
I have no room as you can tell
I'm laden to the water's brink
Perhaps my ship may land in hell

215. Her destination she'll not make
His awful words sent Dad away
Such chances-well- he did not take
The Dardenelle went down that day
Next day, that ship, s wreck, we passed
There was but one thing marked the wreck
Above the water stood the mast
As it stood there above the deck

216. In waters cold she had gone down
Many were the lives lost in that bark
By Providence, we were not drown
Beneath those waters cold and dark
In Arkansas, at DeVoll's Bluff
On White River, we clear'd the deck
Dad thought he had gone far enough
So disembarked for "Old Mort Beck"

217. From Horace Tooms, he rented land
As man to man my Dad was clean
But good, cannot bad, understand
Nor, decent understand the mean
Our folks must keep a watch at night
Twas dangerous for all to sleep
In turns, from dark, till break of light
Some of our men, would vigils keep

218. Twas thus they camped two weeks or more
Until the moon rose fair and bright
When they would load their earthly store
And start back home by clear moonlight
Their mules, they had to hold, they say
For like our folks, they too were glad
To travel headed back this way
Leaving behind a place so bad

219. Good folks were better than good land
Back home they knew the folks were best
Good folks, the good will understand
Good folk, will no one's peace molest
We'd journeyed West, two months or more
The ways were rough we had to go
And coming back two months was four
For wagons travels were so slow

220. But back at home they now could rest
A wiser family, we'd say
Had found their native state was best
Contented now, they gladly stay
And back at home, so I've been told
On Keowee my Dad did stop
Bought back the corn that he had sold
And rented there another crop

221. He settled on the Liddell farm
By sparkling Keowee waters clear
Where hills of home held sweeter charms
A charm enhanced year after year
Where he was blest with food and feed
And blest with a contented mind
Where God supplied his every need
A promise made to all mankind

222. I'm proud today of Dad's good name
A sire I'm very proud to own
And though he graced no halls of fame
I'm glad I'm Bill McDonald's son,
On his word men could all depend
True to himself - an honest man
Fair to a foe, true to a friend
His motto was "Do all you can"

223. Please further hear while I relate
A few more thoughts that interest me
In seventy-six though I've no date
We moved from Liddell's on Keowee
Lou McMahan, a small school taught
On or near the Courtenay land
The books were few that must be bought
And books were few we had on hand

224. The house she taught in was a shack
Of pine logs and of boards twas made
The boards were split that lined each crack
An old, old tenant house decayed
Our public school funds always low,
A small tuition paid by Dad
We had no tablets as you know
And slates and pencils, few we had

225. Then Sally Perritt taught a while
Taught in another tennant shack
On Scurry's Place - from home- a mile
She taught me Webster's Old Blue Back
We read that wise men found the keys
That never could mean me, you bet,
"Of knowledge in the A,B,C,'s"
Oh well, that sentence lets' forget

226. Then is the fall of seventy-eight
Dad bought a house near Bounty Land
And school years there to me were great
Yes, childhood day to me, were grand
I'll mention different teachers, whom
Two ladies and two gentlemen,
Twas there I went to that school room
To Seneca, they sent me then

227. Tom Abrams was my teacher there
I mean my first at Bounty Lane
His term, did short, indeed appear
In order then, these tried their hand
Maggie Rogers, Then Lanston Brooks
And there was Lizzie Dendy, too
These all there taught me in my books
Some of the books we had were new

228. We changed from Reynold's Readers then
The books we read Appleton's
In copy books we wrote with pen
Arithmetics were Robinson's
Our grammar was by Smith, then wrote
Thus Mother English we were taught
And Swinton's word-book we would note
Among the newer books we bought

229. For hickories the woods were thinned
For those who left the paths of right
To break a rule meant to get skinned
And school rules in those days were tight
That house, sixteen by thirty-two
That old schoolhouse to me - so dear
Inspired these lines, I pen to you
"My Bounty Land" that follows here

230. And following "My Bounty Land"
I'd add some memories of youth
I'd tell as you would understand
Of legends I once thought was truth
Stories are many, such as mine
There are the thousands, never told
Yea, men in after years incline
To cherish youthful scenes of old

231. I hope these thoughts so dear to me
That next in order will appear
Will help you to more clearly see
Those scenes you would with me revere
They say that age lives in the past
Can we but live in yesteryears
Who realize our die is cast?
Who realize our "finis" nears?

232. "My Bounty Land"

I've almost passed through life's short span
My span of years three score and ten
Since I to school, a little man
Went with the others - little me
Twas in eighteen and seventy-nine
By a decree of kindest fate
I first in Bounty Lands' confine
A student could matriculate

233. At Bounty Land in my school day
As in all other rural schools
Teachers demanded that all obey
Religiously follow rules
Various classes were enrolled
From ABC's to students grown
A few brief moons school terms would hold
Were always short and soon were gone

234. By fate's decree - by time and chance
Yea, providence bade me attend
This school of learning to advance
In knowledge, ere, may school days end
In printer's ink I later sought
The great Ben Franklin road to fame
But I of lower school of thought
Must find my mark at lower aim

235. Dame Fortune's Smile - a rainbow's end
That pot of gold, not mine by chance
So I for such need not contend
My earthly treasures to enhance
Her smile, elusive as that bow
A misty shadow if we chase
Will just ahead in colors glow
As still ahead it keeps its pace

236. And on fame's campground, tent but few
For me, fate held no wealth or fame
But fate sets all a task to do
Mine was to merit a good name
Fame follows those of high estate
But Good names may the humblest hold
"Thy Gentleness Hath Made Me Great"
Was said by one - a sage of old (a profoundly wise man)

237. We deem all well, that well may end
But life consists of more than wealth
And though through years it may extend
Mid luxury and ease and health
Such lives alas, may not end well
May fail that all important goal
May miss, though well, they may excell
That Home, eternal, of the soul

238. But as the memories of the past
That I had started to renew
All pass before me, thick and fast
A panorama, in review
One sacred scene my mind recalls
When I in youthful days must stand
A child within the sacred walls
Of this my cherished Bounty Land

239. And tho' those days are yet a joy
I deeply this one thing regret
Unpleasantness, here as a boy
A ghost that haunts my mem'ry yet
Schoolmasters, and I would disagree
Were childish difficulties then
But then, such things will always be
Where there assemble little me.

240. But as I pass three score and ten
I pray no malice may I hold
For I would love my fellowmen
Still better as I'm growing old
Note Three questions come to me of late
Have I made my election sure ?
Does there a mansion for me wait?
Have I a home that will endure ?

241. My great grandsire, whose name I bear
With the early settlers came
Came ere our Independence Year
Thomas McDonald was his name
He had that grand Scotch-Irish Blood
A peer of other men stood he
None thought he better, though as good
He's reckon other men to be

242. Grandsire McDonald, Known as Jake
Through his long life, his best would give
To help a better place to make
Our country here, in which to live
Honest, but poor, a working man
Son of a sturdy pioneer
Like people of his day and clan
He knew no dread - he knew no fear

243. In seventeen ninety - native born
Oconee hills, through life , he trod
With love for forests, fields of corn
With love for gun, for stream and rod
The rights of all men he'd regard,
Men he'd respect - His God revere
And so he lived and labored hard
Until in his ninty-sixth year

244. In eighteen twenty-seven, Dad
Was born our family records show
And so the schooling that he had
Was limited, you well may know
This country then,a forest dense
Had but a clearing here and there
With wooded acres, wide-immense
The towns were the same, and none were near

245. Of luxeries, men knew but few
Going for everyone was tough
Many the hardships men went through
But pioneers were made of sturdy stuff
Privations then did none regard
As hardships men would meet with dread
For they, as men, in places hard
Had learn'd to forge their ways ahead

246. Twas thus our sires gave blood and sweat
Yea, fought our heritage to free
And we must watch, lest we forget
Blood is the price of liberty
And we must watch, lest we should pay
Once more in blood, to freedom keep
Yea, God commands us watch and pray
Lest we be found as those who sleep

247, Sacred the ground on which I stand
Sacred this plot by ties of time
Sacred the walls of Bounty Land
Sacred to childhood - and sublime
Sacred scenes- and sacred, I revere
Mem'ries of schoolmates, friends and true
More sacred grows each passing year

248. Yea, sacred is the story told
This I from elders understand
Of that school here in days of old
Ere this was known as Bounty Land
The schoolhouse here, was then a shack
Before "ye" <u>Webster's Old Blue Back</u>"
To Universal favor grew

249. My head I'd bare,while here I stand
As mem'ries must backward turn
To that small shack - that Bounty Land
Where father sat a child to learn
But time withal, has wrought a change
Tis not today as used to be
I stand amid surroundings strange
In buildings that are new to me

250. The Bounty Land, my childhood knew
The school house, I did here attend
Was framed sixteen by thirty-two
A rough stone chimney at each end
Yea, such was Bounty Land to me
In mem'ry, it thus must stand
No other house could ever be
My early school at Bounty Land

251. For since these three score years have flown
I mind that ancient school room yet
That spelling class of days by gone
Those faces young, can I forget?
Those memories, can time erase
That ev'ning spelling class in a line
While as of yore I take my place
As in the days of seventy-nine

252. Nay, I yet see that class in line
I yet each youthful face recall
On other's shoulders, some recline
While others lean against the wall
Distinctly yet, words come to me
Words we must spell-divide- like this;
In-com-pre-hen-si-bil-i-ty
Pronounce each syllable, or mis s

253. But Systems we must oft revise
Tis for the best that such is true
For as we learn we may devise
The better ways, our work to do
So we, our systems rearrange
No systems ever came to stay
But systems, all, must often change
When systems, old, may serve their day

254. But that old house unchanged appears
To me, to stand as it once stood
The Bounty Land, then Mark'd by years
I knew and loved in my childhood
And that old house so dear to me
That old schoolhouse of seventy-nine
My Bounty Land will always be
Of "ye" school days, of"Auld Lang Syne".

255. Before the sixties, I'd presume
When war clouds hung on ev'ry hand
While o'er our South, these cast their gloom
Strong men would build on Bounty Land
As with a weapon in one hand
Those men of courage, wrought with skill
Building the walls of Bounty Land
And building, labor'd with a will

256. Yea, sturdy pioneers of old
had wrought this timber here with stone
That sons as sturdy and as bold
The years to come may carry on
Those pioneers my mind recalls
Were our forebears - our sires - and grand
Who would erect thy sacred walls
Yea, build thy walls, oh, Bounty Land

257. To such those builders we would fling
Our hats high in the air today
As memories of men they bring
Who right would do - God's laws obey
Yea, through dark sixties, I opine
That this old school house then did stand
As twas when I in seventy nine
Attended school at Bounty Land

258. On these estates, yet standing near
Once lived those men, my childhood knew
Men who in peril, knew no fear
Men, who to none a wrong would do
Men who knew naught but God and right
Men who for right would firmly stand
Such were the men who would delight
To build thy walls, of, Bounty Land

259. Yea, such unselfishness inspires
Let peace attend their sacred dust
We honor these, our noble sires
These men of honor - men of trust
Sturdy, dependable, and staid
Men who to ev'ry trust was true
Men who met dangers unafraid

260. Twere these, our fathers, that trod here
When forest wild and dense did stand
Around the school house that stood near
This place, long known as Bountyland
Thus, on my native hearth, I stand
While this one thought, me most inspire
By native hearth - my Bounty Land
The hearth too, of my noble sires.

261. Improvements here many I see
Improvements. years of time, have wrought
Your Bounty Land is new to me
Your school house - new to me - means nought
But for you children here today
This house, to you, will always stand
And though with age, its wall decay
It still will be your Bounty Land

262. In reverence for these scenes, I'd bare
My head adorned with locks of gray
My head that once bore raven hair
That times now marks has faded away
Yea, I would bare my aging head
In thankfulness to Father Time
That I, once more life may tread
These sacred precincts - and sublime

263. Yea, I in gratitude would bow
Yea, I would thank on bended knee
That Providence ,who would allow
My cast my lot where men are free
Yea, I'd thank God for church and school
For bells that chime each Sabbath Day
Democracy - the peoples' rule
For freedom - for America

264, Yea, stormy clouds, and dark arise
Of perils, grave, I apprehend
Our liberty that we so prize
Again we must arise and defend
So I on bended knees would pray
As on this sacred spot I stand
Oh, God, preserve America
Yes, God preserve our Bounty Land

265. And finally once more I'd bow
As curtains fall on life's last scene
My show is almost over now
My last act flashes on the screen
So, I bid schoolmasters, all adieu
Though I yet hope each hand to hold
Again as friendships we renew
When we meet on the streets of gold

266. The miles are few, I yet must tread
My last milestone, I almost see
The river, cold, it lies just ahead
Beyond stands life's verdant trees
Life's verdant tree, of deep, cool shade
Where none can harm-nay none molest
Where nothing ever makes one afraid
Beneath its shadow may we rest

267. My mem'ries brief to this, I add
Mem'ries of childhood I revere
Mem'ries of home - mother and dad
Mem'ries of brothers, sisters dear
Mem'ries of boyhood friend and foe
Foes ? Nay, each playmate was a friend
Mem'ries of those I once did know
Mem'ries, we cherish to the end

268. In memory, I wonder yet
I roam that old plantation o'er
My childhood home - can I forget
Remember childhood, Nevermore?
Can I forget my early youth
Forget those family ties, divine
Forget that Book of Sacred Truth
Forget my dad and mother's shrine

269. Forget my childish ignorance
And childish innocence as well
Can I forget all these, by chance
And ne'er its sacred story tell?
Can I thus live, with soul so dead
As to my father's shrine refute
Discard the Bible father read
The tenets of its faith, dispute?

270. Nay, I would honor father's God
Revere those things that he revered
Tread in the sacred paths he trod
His God, I'd honor, serve and fear
I'd father's ideals attain
The faith and tenets, he had known
I'd know myself, content to gain
The plains my father tented on

271. Yea, as I watch the sunset shy
At eventide life's short day
Sweet mem'ries of days gone by
Refresh me all along the way
Yea, sweet, but sad is my review
Of all the scenes of yesteryear
That bring to memories anew
My youthful smiles and childish tears

272. And while for bygone days, I'd pine
With precious memories galore
I realize days, "Auld Lang Syne"
Have passed my way to come no more
Yea, sweet deceptiveness of youth
The stories we were told, you won't believe
Such early myths, to me were truth
Till cruel age would undeceive

273. But these are solemn thoughts that bind
Me to the things of early years
Such thoughts that oft refresh my mind
With many sweeter, sadder tears
Yes, ther's that sadness that is sweet
That always hovers round the past
Where mem'ries hold bless replete
That lingers on while life may last

274. While life's sun may shed its rays
Upon my lonely pathway here
The thoughts of home- my childhood days
To my heart will be ever dear
My home was poor - no palace grand
But, to my mind, my home was best
For love, will love, so understand
Tis love makes home a place of rest

275. So, of my home, of days by-gone
Are mem'ries that can but cling
Sweet mem'ries that linger on
Though many tears,to me they bring
I loved our things - the best they were
All things at home best to me
Nothing was better anywhere
To me none better there could be

276. Mother was good and good was Dad
They all my troubles understood
"twere sacrilege to esteem bad
What Dad and Mother thought was good
In Santa claus, I'd yet believe
A myth I loved, yes, yet revere
Unkind was age to undeceive
Yea, brand as false, that myth, most dear

277. There was our oxen Dick and Jack
The old "tar" wagon that they drew
I mind the road to town and back
I mind the mud holes we'd go through
I cherish yet- those oxen strong
I see them draw their heavy load
I see the hills they'dclimb- and long
I see them trudge the muddy road

278. Old Dick and Jack, so good and true
No truer yoke has any strung
The load must move- that, well I knew
When Dick and Jack were at the tongue
Yes, we'd some mules and other stock
Those, too, were ours- so they were best
Our things were best, though herd or flock
Yea, our were best by any test

279. And then, there was our old dog Leed
Who came to us when scarcely grown
He came a stray - friendless in deed
Where he came from, I've never known
But he like Dick and Jack, was true
No friends, nor friend, more love could show
I'm sure that right from wrong he knew
For he, through life acted so

280. When he was near, no foes alarm
Our enemies might well go hang
For none could do us children harm
When Leed made bare a gleaming fang
No child e'er had a better friend
I speak of friends of Leed's breed
I'll love his mem'ry to the end
Our good and faithful, old dog, Leed

281. His bark today,I seem to hear
Though more than sixty years have sped
Yea, I for him would drop a tear
Though he has long, so long been dead
I'd not forget Gip, Jack and Leed
And I am with Sod any good old Sing
For these names mean a lot to me
While memories of childhood cling

282. Yea, thoughts of youth bring floods of joy
Though we at home no wealth could show
But my surroundings as a boy
Are memories that sweeter grow
A better home no child e'er had
My mother's love of us was great
And none e'er had a better Dad
Given to him by any Fate

283. These memories like Banquo's ghost
Are lively ghosts that will not down
And sweetest mem'ries haunt me most
As silver locks adorn my crown
But sweetest moments - soon are past
This show of life, too soon, is o'er
But once I feature in life's cast
Again to feature never more

284. My reminiscence I would close
Yea, close excerpts from memory
So following I now purpose
To state some facts as used to be
I've passed my three-score years and ten
Born on the banks of the Keowee
Born in Oconee County when
There was no town of Seneca

285. I came in days of woodland trails
When country towns were far apart
When farming lands were fared with rails
When oxen drew the laden cart
So I will tell as best I know
Of those things I may have in mind
I'll tell the things of long ago
As threads of memory I find

286. In eighteen-eighty-seven, or eight
I went to school in Seneca
I do not know the exact date
so, of such date, I cannot say
A graded school, they boasted then
On Fairplay Street - The Dumas Place
The faculty was but two men
Teachers enough and ample space

287. But since those days the town has spread
The business men always alive
Have seen their city forge ahead
All her institutions thrive
Near Seneca my Dad had bought
A farm in eighteen-seventy-eight
My days were there with labor fraught
But those were days, to me, most great

288. Our home was there, a pine log shack
And it was dark and smoky- gee
The chimney, bad, the walls were black
No mansion grand, as you may see
A thousand dollars, Dad owed there
Those days that was a lot you know
Two hundred he must pay each year
Payments that oft dry cleaned our dough

289. But when the mortgage he had paid
And our home was freed from debt
To build then, Dad, his plans had made
The house he built is standing yet
It was in eighteen-eighty-six
He planned and built a cottage then
Cleared out the brush- cleaned out the sticks
Paid cash for lumber and for men

290. Each carpenter worked for his keep
Those days men worked for little pay
Enough to eat and a place to sleep
And one dollar each working day
My mother was Dad's banker then
Banks were not plentiful you know
So they had cash to pay the men
They paid all bills as they would go

291. My mother had the dough on hand
I'm sure they were not broke those days
For since they had paid for their land
Finance, with them,was smooth always
The Cleveland Panic soon came on
And then my mother lost her health
Their small nest-egg, too soon was gone
Had slipped away as if by stealth

292. The panic on and price low
They sold their home, their debts to pay
Cotton was cheap, money was slow
So they sold out and moved away
In nineteen-eighteen, mother died
About the ides of June, I'd say
We buried her by Fathers side
At Center Church we laid her away

GRANDPA

293. Just John and Bob and I were left
But John of late, I learn has passed
Of all our family we are bereft
For Father Time is working fast
I'll here my family records give
Before this earthly scene, I quit
This records, I keep while I live
Another then may finish it

294. I would not claim some great event
Not even those I here review
As common men, my life I've spent
Doing those things I find to do
But one event that changed my life
The greatest of them all, I know
Was when I took myself a wife
Eva Nalley of Easley, then

295. Twas in the nineteen and one
On Sunday, February tenth
Twas then my married life begun
Some forty years ago, its been
The Rev. J.M. Stewart, he
The marriage rites, to us, then said
At Pickens, at his home was she
By me to hyman's altar led

296. Of children we have had but three
Their names in order, I'll relate
Nellie, T.J. and Minnie Lee
I'll give each birthplace, year and date
First: on December twenty-eighth
In the good year nineteen and one
Twas in that year and on that date
That Nellie Connie's life began

297. Pickens is her nativity
Near Easley, then was our abode
Her native state is South Carolina
Born near Pickens-Easley road
In nineteen-twenty-two she wed
In Greenville city, it is true
To Samuel Rudd, who now is dead
She married him in City View

298. Margaret was born at Monaghan
On Christmas Day, it was when she
Was born while still in Greenville in
Nineteen hundred and twenty-three
Nell's oldest child as I have said
Took then and there her place in line
And Margaret, Heyward Holcombe wed
May twenty-eighth, in thirty-nine

299. In nineteen forty May fifteenth
That day our first great grandchild came
Twas Margaret's child, her first I mean
Holcombe, Dorothy Ann, her name
On May fifteenth and on that day we
Do this birth record here inscribe
In Pickens County - in South Carolina
Her name was added to our tribe

300. Again, I here inscribe to Nell
November sixteenth and forty -two
of Margarets' second child to tell
Twas Thomas Heyward Holcombe came
In Pickens County, in this state
He for his father took his name
And now of Nell I further state

301. August eleventh - forty-four
To Margaret's family we add
The name of Patsy Jean - once more
I find myself a great grand-dad
I herwith Margarets record end
Bringing her story to a close
As little more I can append
For she in death, must now repose

302. March the twenty-eighth, in forty-six
Her youthful eyes must close in death
These are the records we affix
When she drew her departing breath
Tis at Flat Rock alone she sleeps
Beneath a mound of native clay
We trust the Lord her spirit keeps
Against the resurrection day

303. In twenty-six, on Christmas Day
Nell's second marriage vows were said
Twas on that day our record says
That she her second time had wed
In twenty-six - I have said
Nell's second marriage vows were spoken
To Raymond Gillespie she wed
Speaking those vows none can revoke

304. In nineteen-twenty-six
As I herein before have said
In records solemn, they affix
On day and date above they wed
Near Fair View Church in Oconee
In witness on such day and date
By William Henry Corn, N.P.
They entered into a wedded state

305. On December the thirtieth day
In twenty-seven was the year
That Sara Frances Gillespie
Near Fair View Church then did appear
Near Fair View Church in Oconee
I give and state these records new
Nell's second child was born and she
was born in South Carolina, too

306. Then Clarence Edward Gillespie
A native of Oconee,too,
Born August sixth, in thirty-three
On Smith's farm very near Fair View
And then on the sixth of May
In nineteen hundred and thirty-nine
Nell's baby born on Saturday
Was christened Lynda Carolyn

307. A native of this state, so fair
Best state of all our own South Carolina
In pickens, too was born this heir
On Golden Creek near Beverly
This brings Nell's family up to date
The next is T.J.'s record we will see
Our second child as I relate
The third and last is Minnie Lee

308. In nineteen-four, T.J. was born
In Oconee, near Keowee
On April twenty-second morn
Named Thomas Jefferson,for me
In nineteen-twenty-two then he
Was married in the month of May
To Irene Burns, then of Easley
Married on the twentieth day

309. On January second day
At Easley, Furman Deryll came
In twenty-four our record say
Furman McDonald is his name
James Alton nineteen and twenty-eight
On September the sixth, was he
At Laurens born, that day and date
Born in our State South Carolina

310. On April tenth in thirty-one
There Loyd McDonald did appear
At Laurens, born a native son
His native state, birth date and year
In nineteen thirty-three in May
William Leston McDonald was born
Twas on the twenty-seventh day
Born at Laurens , Saturday morn

311. Alton and Loyd and Billie - three
At Laurens were born, as I know Ben
And Furman was born at Easley
May these four boys make sturdy men
Pauline Elizabeth then came
In thirty-five on April ninth
At Laurens, born "Polly" her name
Was given us by fate most kind

312. In August nineteen and forty-two
To be exact, the fourth was the day
I **add** this written record true
To Irene Burns and to T.J.
For added to the McDonald clan
by a decree of the kindest fate
A baby girl Vetitia Ann
Was born at Laurens in this state

313. Twas close to Pickens and too, we
Lived very near to Pickens View
Twas there our third child Minnie Lee
Was born, as per, our records true
June twenty-second was the day
Nineteen hundred and six the year
When she was born our records say
By Providence, she still is here

314. June the eighteenth in twenty- one
She left her mother dear and me
With Clifton, J.D. Martin's son
And married him at Cateechee
On April second - Sunday Morn
Nineteen and twenty-two, the year
At Easley, their first child was born
There Jack Wall Martin did appear

315."Bobby" was born - his name H.C.
On Dodson's Hill, near to Fair View
July the seventeenth was he
Born in Oconee county, too
Born in nineteen and twenty-eight
In nineteen thirty, his demise
August the twenty-second day
At Ebenezer Church he lies

316, At Ebenezer Church you lay
Our Bobby that we loved so true
But we are glad you're hid away
Glad there's a day we'll go to you
J. D. was born December eighth
Nineteen hundred and thirty-two
At Liberty, he on that date
Was christened as our records true

317. Nineteen and thirty-six the year
On March the twenty-seventh day
Elizabeth Ann did appear
At Liberty the records say
Then Jimmie Lee, Minnie's fifth heir
Came to them on Thanksgiving day
The twenty-fourth day of November
Nineteen hundred and thirty eight

318. My family record here I close
My brother Caesar, follows - so
His birth and death, our records show
But further, records of none I know
If further records I should find
I'll add here, if such I should gain
But now,no source of any kind
That I could now, such ascertain

319. December eighth, Caesar came on
The year was eighteen seventy-two
But he for years has now been gone
Of his last years, I little knew
Twas in the year nineteen and seven
November fourth, he passed away
His Spirit God had called to heaven
At Seneca now, rests his clay

320. In eighteen ninety seven, he
At Pelzer, Jody Deanhart wed
The date has slipped my memory
He her to Hyman's altar led
Of his issue, I little know
But I, of him this much can say
In eighteen ninety-eight or so
It was a girl child came their way

321. Georgie Willie, their first child came on
But short indeed, with them, her stay
A year or so, her brightness shone
To cheer their home from day to day
But her life's lamp-snuffed as a dream
No more, on them, would ever shine
Though brightly shone its early gleam
Its beam was snuff'd by love divine

322. Next Mater came, and then Otto
Otto at Hodges may reside
And there was Sophia and Bruno
I cannot say where they abide
Of Caesar's life, I little knew
I have no dates, nor records, so
I have no dates I can give to you

323. Essie was born in seventy-eight
Twas on the tenth of March that she
In Oconee, and in this state
Was born not far from Seneca
In eighteen ninety-six, she wed
The date exact I do not know
To Phillips James - who now is dead
They both died many years ago

324. In april Nineteen twenty-seven
My sister Essie Phillips died
And though her spirit is in Heaven
Her clay sleeps by her husband's side
Louisiana,near Monroe
They sleep, though they no issue left
In that state they sleep, I know
While we are sad and some bereft

325. With Essie's death, these records end
So this apology I make
A work like this must comprehend
Misinformation and mistakes
I've given much in childhood taught
I've on imagination drawn
I hope my message you have caught
And your forebears, you've better known

326. And Now, I'd bid to all, farewell
For here,my meager story ends
A story I have tried to tell
Giving the facts to kin and friends
My time to go is nigh at hand
So if on earth no more we meet
May we be an unbroken band
When we meet on the golden street

327. Yea, and as I my "finis" write
And bid to all this last adieu
A benediction I indite
Yea, breathe this prayer for each of you
I pray the God of peace and love
May he in wisdom from above
Henceforth, each of your footsteps guide

Thomas Jefferson McDonald, Sr,
Liberty, S.C.
Revised in May 1941 by the author

AUTUMN

Rich are our fields of yellow corn
That ripen in the Autumn sun
Rich are the hues that doth adorn
The wooded hills, gold, red and hued
Rich are our fields of downy fleece
That feed our busy whirling gins
Rich, all the store of earth's increase
That overflow our bursting bins.

Rich are our fruits in cellars stored
A bounty for both young and old
Rich are the harvests we may hoard
In store against the winter cold
Could these be melancholy days
Could sadness feature nature's store
While she her every law obeys
To richest blessings on us pour.

While these their gorgeous costumes don
That ev'ning sunset glorifies
With halos but to Autumn known
A day at eve in splendor dies
When nature struts, no art can do
Reveal the Master Artist's skill
In Autumn's golden sunset hue
That glorifies our ev'ry hill.

Nay, we bemoan not Autumn days
Nor yet bewail as scenes forlorn
The season of the golden maize
The heaps in husks of yellow corn
Nor, do we grieve that cones of wheat
No longer are but budding spears
While seed we sow, yea, bread we eat
Heaps high our bins as winter nears.

Nay, while the balls of fleece we pluck
Enhance the wealth that nature yields
And stalks of corn hold in the shuck
Rich harvests of our fertile fields
We will no Autumn days bemoan
No melancholy days lament
For ev'ry season well has sown
Its bits as seasons came and went

Yea, tender plants appear in Spring
Unfolding leaves and flowers gay
To richly in the Autumn bring
Harvests of grain and mows of hay
So, to our God we bow the head
While we Thanksgiving Day would fete
To thank Him for this bounty spread
That we may in abundance eat.

We thank God for this tender care
We thank Him for our daily bread
Thank Him for our bounties and to spare
That others hungry may be fed
Thank Him for Spring with buds sweet
Thank him for summer fruits and flowers
Thank Him for Autumn store replete
With food for all in wintry hours.

Written by Thomas Jefferson McDonald
Laurens S.C. Rt. 2

(The following poem was not named - but could be "Finish" ?)

Show pity, O Lord, Oh, Lord, forgive
Prepare me, Lord, to die
Let a repentant rebel live
A rebel, such as I
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
Prepare me Lord to die
May not a rebel trust in Thee ?
Prepare me Lord to die.

MCDONALD GENEALOGY

NOTE: Our apologies for any errors, typos, missing information etc. there were many names, dates and facts that were very hard to decipher. For instance one man had two death dates, fourteen years apart! Many pieces of the information was missing from our family tree. Perhaps each branch of our tree can correct, and add to, update their portion of our clan. Add your pages to **YOUR BOOK,** There will be births, deaths, happy events and sad events, but all are a part of our hertiage. We need to pass it on. As you continue to write your **MCDONALD MEMORIES** MAY GOD BLESS YOU ALL!

CODE WE USED:

A: Tom McDonald and his wife Ann Jones McDonald

B: Jacob Jones (Jake) McDonald and wife Betty Perry McDonald

C: William Henry McDonald

First Family: Wife Rachel Sanders McDonald

Second Family: Wife Mary Elizabeth Day Addis McDonald

NOTE: There are many branches to the McDonald Clan - We will give what sketchy information we have, but mainly we have the families of William Henry and his two wives. We will note as we go along any interesting notes that have been passed to us.

C: William Henry's children will be noted by Roman Numerals

" grandchildren will be noted by Capital Alphabet with ( ) thus (A), (B), (C).

" great grandchildren noted by small numbers

" great-great grandchildren by small alphabet in parenthese

" great-great-great " by small numbers in parentheses.

Beyond this, each family will need to code their own.

EXAMPLE: C. William Henry McDonald's first child was
I. John Franklin
(D) His fourth son was Henry Crayton McDonald
5. Johnnie McDonald Irwin -fifth child of Crayton
(a) Michele Irwin Griswell -first child of Johnnie
(1) John Barry Griswell,Jr. first " of Michele

OUR BEGINNINGS IN AMERICA THE MCDONALDS

Thomas J. McDonald left Scotland with his brother Jerre(y) around 1776. They came to Virginia and there Tom married Susannah Jones. Later, the date is unknown to us, they migrated to Oconee County South Carolina. Word passed down and Thomas Jefferson McDonald records this in his poem, Jerry went on the seacoast - Hamburg, we think and no more is known of him (Wouldn't that be an interesting story?) Thomas and Anna, settled on Richland Creek and raised a family.

A. Thomas J. McDonald
married Anna Jones in Virginia
migrated to Oconee County, S.C.

B. Born to this union was:
Jacob Jones (Jake) McDonald - around 1790
Jake married Betty Perry in Old Pendleton District

Children of Jacob and Betty:

1. Elizabeth "Bet" married Ben Burkett - moved to Arkansas
2. Caroline married Mr. Harden
3. Mary Birthdate May 7, 1825 married Joberry Sanders
   Mary and Joberry Sanders are buried in Old Center Church cemetary on Oakway Rd. near Westminster,S.C.
4. Jane married A Myers, first and Elias Mason second marriage.
5. Sue married Arch Alrod
6. Matthew married Pheoney Harden
7. William Henry - born March 28, 1827 - first marriage to Rachel Sanders- He died October 11,1911.
   William Henry is buried at Old Center Church on Oakway Rd. In Oconee County. Rachel's grave is unknown, possibly be she died during the early days of the Civil war and perhaps grave is unmarked.Then married Widow Addis in 1864.

C. **William Henry is "C" in our genealogy** and he is the 7th child of Jake and Betty.

8. John (Missing in the war)
9. Frank died of measles in Confederate Army.

NOTE: As you read the poem, you will find mention of the other children of Grandpa Jake and Betty. Thomas Jefferson remembers Grandpa Jake speaking of them. It is strange that we have no other information about brother Jerry, except one small mention of his going to the sea coast of Hamburg. What an interesting story that would be to know of what happened to him and that story - but -alas we must be very thankful that Thomas Jefferson preserved for us this interesting struggle of our ancestors and the pioneer spirits and faith in God and survival struggles. Our stock was good and we should we thankful. We need to preserve in writing the "continuing McDonald history for heirs yet unborn".

"C" **WILLIAM HENRY MCDONALD AND RACHEL SANDERS MCDONALD**

William Henry McDonald (Born March 28, 1827 - Died Oct.11, 1911) married Rachel Sanders McDonald on November 21 1850. Rachel was born 2/18/1827 she died on 7/28/1862
Rachel Died early part of the Civil War 1861 or '62. Her burial place is unknown to us. Her parents were William Sanders and Sarah Moore Sanders.

This will be referred to as First Family

Seven children were born to them:

I. John Franklin (Aug. 7.1852 -Feb. 5, 1940)

II. James Edward (Oct. 5, 1853 -Sept. 24,1862 9 yrs. old)

III. William Jones (Will) (Jan. 8 1855 -Mar 23, 1931)

IV. David Lewis (May 27, 1856 -Oct 8, 1862 6 yrs. old)

V. Lydia Ann (Apr. 12 1858 - Dec.6,1858 8 mo. old)

VI. Newton (Newt) Harrison (July 31, 1859)

VII. Henry Raford (Sept,18,1861 -)

Second Family:

William Henry McDonald (born March 28,1827 - Died Oct.11,1911) married Widow Mary Elizabeth Day Addis Oct. 2, 1864. Widow Addis Whose husband Mackey Addis had died in a Confederate Army camp from the Measles , had a little girl,

VIII. Laura Frances Addis (Born July 17, 1861)

Born to William Henry and Elizabeth Day McDonald

IX. Madison Van Buren McDonald (Aug 15,1865

X. Ben Perry Reid McDonald (Dec. 25, 1866 -Feb. 29, 1868 -14 mo.)

XI. Robert Earl Lee McDonald (Nov 11, 1868 -Feb.10,1949)

Second Family Continued:

AUTHOR/POEM XII. Thomas Jefferson McDonald (April 22, 1870-Sept. 27,1952)

XIII. Julius Caeser (Dec. 8, 1872 - Nov. 4, 1907)

XIV. Mary,Rebecca, Elizabeth, Julia, Jane, Martha, Valina,Esquire (Called "Ess") (March 10, 1878 - Died April 1927)

See Pg 35 V 152

"C" William Henry's First son by Rachel Sanders

I. John Franklin McDonald, born 8/7/1852 - married in 1876 to Martha Smith Rowland-- born May 14/1855, They married in Oconee County and had three sons before leaving South Carolina and migrating to Alabama. They had three sons born in South Carolina and three more sons and a daughter born in Alabama.They moved to Alabama in 1884 and Frank Day perhaps was with them.Rev. J.R. Hunnicutt performed the ceremony.Following are children born to this union.

(A)Bert Armstead McDonald,born 2/23/1878- died 8/17 1973
(B)William Samuel Jones McDonald, born 11/9/1880, Died 7/7/60
(C)George Rowland McDonald (Birth & Death date unknown to me)
(D)Henry Crayton McDonald ,born 2/7/1886, died 10/30/1973)
(E)John Wilton McDonald, born 3/7/1889, died 6/16/68
(F)Agnes Elizabeth McDonald Blackerby,born 7/27/91 died 5/17/198
(G)Earl Embrue McDonald,born 4/22/1898,died 4/23/1975

NOTE OF THE TYPIST: This was my granddaddy MC. He was tall, lanky and very easy going. He never raised his voice, had a handle bar mustasche that always had tobacco juice in it, and when he kissed the grandkids, you hurried away to wipe it off, out of his sight. He was sweet and always kind. He talked of our South Carolina Cousins and so it is very special to me that I now know some of them. Grandpa always had his sons, six of them, be very polite to their mother and sister. I remember my daddy (Crayton) telling me that when they had been plowing or breaking new ground or breaking a mule, they would come to dinner (in the middle of the day) and Grandma and Aunt Agnes had cooked a man sized meal, and the boys were hot, tired and sweaty, and yet

con't:
Grandpa, had the sons seat their mother and sister and to pass the peas and cornbread to them first. I think this was almost unheard of in those days. My father always was very special to me and I felt Granpa Mc (John) had a lot to do with that.

Quinn Cemetery Alt 47 - Shelby County

C: I. (A) Bert Armstead McDonald 2/23/1878 Beulah born 1885
7/28/1886 Died 9/15-1912
Married Beulah Tidmore in 1907
She had one child Rowland Culman McDonald born 4/9/09
Beulah died in Sept. 16 1911
Bert married Grace Kirbo in 1915
Grace was born 1887 Died 9/6/43

NOTE: UNCLE BERT (to the typist) was our Alabama McDonald Historian He was a walking book of knowledge. He knew all of our family names, dates of birth, death, children and their birthdays, He would get on a greyhound bus and arrive unannounced at the town where one of his nieces or nephews lived. He would call you on the phone and say "I'm at the bus station" and we go get him. He was no trouble, he would have his paperback cowboy book in his hip pocket and a small valise and his check, He would stay a few days, and then at breakfast would announce we could take him to the bus station. Now how I wish I could tap into his remembrance. After reading Thomas Jefferson's poem, there are so many questions I would ask Uncle Bert. Each May, I put flowers on Uncle Bert's grave at Four Mile Baptist Church in Shelby County Alabama. I remember him and wish I had listened more carefully. Uncle Bert would go see the South Carolina cousins and I guess it was really his efforts that tried to keep us in contact. He was so excited when he found out that I had bought land in Oconee County. I have since found Great Grandpa William Henry's grave at Old Center Church and put flowers there. If anyone knows where Rachel Sanders McDonald is buried please let me know.
Uncle Bert in 1973 while visiting the South Carolina cousins died at the home of "Jo" and W.F. McDonald.
John Franklin, Martha Rowland, Bert, Sam,Crayton, Agnes their spouses, and some of their children and grandchildren are buried at Four Mile Baptist Church in Shelby County Alabama.

C: I. (A) 1. Rowland Culman McDonald born 4/9/1909 died 9/3/1956
Married Mozelle Rowell born 4/6/1905 died 5/22/1982
married in 1926

The children of Mozelle and Rowland are:

(a) Jean Eris McDonald born 2/23/1927
(b) Beulah Faye McDonald born July 12, 1930

(a) Jean Eris McDonald married Kenneth James Foley on 11/7/45
(1) Teresa Sheryl Foley born 2/6/1947
(2) Douglas James Foley born 10/22/1948

Teresa Sheryl Foley married Jay Stephen Hinton, Jr.
married on 10/19/1968

Their children: a1a Jay Stephen Hinton III 2/25/75
a2a David Lane Hinton 7/21/77

Douglas James Foley married Lillian Raquel Arroyo
on 4/3/71 Their children are:
b1b Scott Douglas Foley 6/8/73
b2b David Brent Foley 5/9/80

(b) Beulah Faye McDonald married James Cornel Stanek,Sr,
married on Jan.20/1950 Their children are;
(1) Deborah Lynn Stanek Born and Died 6/15/51
(2) James Cornel Stanek, Jr. 6/16/53

James Cornel Stanek, Jr. (Jay) born 6/16/53
married Beth Elaine Rushing onDec. 25/76

Their children are:
c1c James Cornel Stanek, III (Jamie) 9/14/77
c2c Ernest Anthony Stanek (Ernie) 10/5/79
c3c Edward Albert Stanek (Eddie) 4/30/84

Name usually called by underline Nicknames in parenthese ( )

C: - I. (B) William Samuel Jones McDonald
Born 11/9/1880 Died 7/7/1960
Married Mary Maud Walton 8/20/1905
Born 3/18/1885 Died 8/23/1974

The children of Sam and Maud McDonald

1. Mattie Ruth McDonald Born 8/25/1906 Died 8/1/1954

Note: Ruth never married. She was always available to help wherever there was sickness, death or a new baby. Also her nieces and nephews were very "special" to Ruth and she worked hard to share love and gifts with them.

2. Gladys Walton McDonald - born 7/25/1913 married E.B.Brasher -born 3/12/14. They married on 1/17/1934.

Chilren of E.B. And Gladys Brasher: Died. 5, 19, 1994.

(a) Mildred Inez Brasher born 11/23/35
married Hancel Eugene Hamby on 6/29/57
Children of Inez and Eugene Hamby:
(1) Larry Eugene Hamby born 6/29/58
(2) Amy Eugenia Hamby born 9/28/65

(b) Samuel (Sammy) Ernest Brasher - born 11/16/37
married on 4/30/59 to Carolyn Janice Weldon
Children of Sammy and Carolyn Brasher:
(1) Samuel Ernest Brasher, Jr. born 6/5/60
married Joyce Faye Edmondson on 2/7/81
(a1a) Christopher Lee Brasher born 9/10/82
(a2a) Crystal Faye Brasher born 9/17/85
(2) Randy Jay Brasher born 10/15/63
married on 9/3/83 to Lisa Ann Carr

(c) Estelle Bertha Brasher born 10/16/41
married on 6/8/57 to Charles Francis Patterson
Children of Estelle and Charles Patterson:
(1) Charles Francis Patterson, Jr. born 10/31/58
(2) Joseph Nelson Patterson born 10/28/63
Divorced April '71
2nd marriage on 10/9/71 to James Randolph Thompson
(3) Jason Eric Thompson born 1/2/78

C: - I - (B) linage continued:

(d) Barbara Jean Brasher born 8/21/44
Married Sept. 1/59 to Joseph Calvin Smith
Children of Barbara and Calvin Smith:
(1) Sharon Paulette Smith born 10/20/60
married on 5/27/77 to Donald Wayne Brown
(a1a) Kevin Wayne Brown born 8/7/80
(a2a) Kristen Ann Brown born 11/30/81
(a3a) Keith Everette Brown born 7/24/84
(2) Joseph Troy Smith born 4/16/62
married on 5/29/82 to Linda Sue Lowery
Children of Joseph and Linda Smith
(b1b) Jonathan Troy Smith born 3/14/83
(b2b) Lisa Ann Smith born 9/8/84
(b3b) Michelle Lee Smith born 8/22/86
sad note: Michelle was found dead in her crib on 12/23/86
(3) Stacy Ruth Smith born 9/28/63
married on 7/29/77 to Aubrey Allen Parker
Children of Aubrey and Stacey Parker:
(c1c) James Allen Parker born 2/25/78
(c2c) Adam Keith Parker born 2/6/79
(c3c) Ryan Danielle Parker born 7/13/80
sad note: A train Aubrey's car and as the result both Aubrey and his son Adam were killed on 4/26/84. James survivied by a miracle.
2nd marriage of Stacy Smith Parker on 12/20/85 to Allen Lynn Kerr- Their child is
(d1d) Whitney Lynn Kerr born 9/18/87
(4) Charles Christopher Smith born 4/8/70
married on 2/18/89 to Tammy Denise Fountain

(e) Richard Wayne Brasher born 1/13/49
Married on 3/19/66 to Patricia Ann Bush
Children of Wayne and Patricia Ann:
(1) Tammy Lenona Brasher born 10/22/66
married 3/19/84 to Clinton Stuart Hester

Tammy Brasher and Clinton Hester - con't:

Children of Tammy and Clinton Hester:

(e1e) Jeffery Stuart Hester born 6/9/84
(e2e) Jeremy Wayne Hester born 4/5/86

(2) Carl Eugene Brasher born 2/15/69

3. Dewey Willard McDonald born 10/28/16
Married Emmie Wilder on _____
Dewey and Emmie McDonald's Children:

(a) Randall (Randy) Dewey McDonald born 6/6/47
Married Judy Niblett on 8/8/87
Children - two stepchildren - Mary and Elizabeth

(b) Thomas (Tom) Earl McDonald born 4/14/54
Married on 8/17/73 Sylvia Darlene Bentley
Children of Tom and Sylvia McDonald
(1) Shannon Roe McDonald born 8/10/81
(2) Dylan Thomas McDonald born 12/15/83

(c) Nancy Ruth McDonald born _____
Married on 10/10/81 to Robert David Paden
Child of Nancy and Robert Paden:
(1) Lance Michael Paden born 3/1/89

4. Ruby Fay McDonald born 5/21/1921 Married Taft Vick on 1/26/42
Taft died 5/17/85 2nd marriage to Bernie Lee Higgenbotham 3/10/87 (no children)

C:I - (C) George Rowland McDonald
Birth, Marriage, Death dates unknown to us. Note: George attended Marion Institute in Alabama and then went to California, there he married Amy (Maiden name unknown). He had a successful career in business with a utility company. He regularly sent gifts of money and things back to his mother and daddy, however he never came back to Alabama until years after their death. "Granny Mac" Martha Rowland McDonald lived her whole life wanting to see him before she died, but she never did. Maurice McDonald (Wilton's son, George's nephew visited George and Amy. In 1948, Embrue and Icia, Crayton and Evie, and Homer and Clarabelvisited them in California. Twas a lovely reunion of two brothers, a nephew and their wives. No children were born to this marriage that we know of. Amy and George were cremated in California.

C: I - (D) Henry Crayton McDonald -born 2/7/1886 - died 10/30/1973
Married Evie Elizabeth Wilder born 11/4/1889 died 12/14/1963
Married on January 3, 1906 in Shelby County Alabama

Children of Crayton and Evie McDonald

1. Homer Newell McDonald born 1/31/1907

   1st marriage: Margaret Camp on 5/17/1941
   Margaret Died on 5/22/43 - No children of this union
   2nd marriage: Clarabel Isdell on 4/6/45 - no children
   Note: Clarabel was a missionary to China and Hawaii. Depression and Hard times kept Homer and Clarabel from marrying in their youth. However in 1945 during the WW II, Homer went to Hawaii and they were married there. Some long engagement - over 20 years. However, they have been happily married for 46 years and are retired in Birmingham, Alabama.

2. Vernon Ryan Mcdonald born 3/16/1909

   1st marriage: To Thelma Thompson in 1930 Div. '36-no children
   2nd marriage: To Janie Turney in 1937 born_____Died 1981
   Vernon and Janie's Children:

   (a) Mabel Jean McDonald Born 12/39
   Married Herman Jay Jacobs on 6/8/56
   Children of Jean and Jay Jacobs:

   (1) Elisa (Lisa) Jacobs born 12/29/59
   Married Larry Owen Massing on 6/21/80
   Lisa and Larry Massing's Child
   (a1a) Justin Owen Massing born 1/7/86

   (2) MOnte Jay Jacobs born 11/10/60
   Monte married Sherry Ann Flynn - Divorced
   Monte and Ann's children:
   (b1b) Shawna Marie Jacobs born 12/29/84
   (b2b) CooperJay Jacobs born 3/14/89

   (3) KatrinkaJacobs born 11/10/66
   Married Dwayne Sloan 6/89

   (b) Dana Kay McDonald born 2/5/49
   Married Ronald (Ron) Richard Kammel 6/21/69
   Kay and Ron Kammel's children:

   (1) Robert (Rob) Ryan Kammel born 12/17/69
   (2) Lisa Katherine Kammel born 1/5/73

Crayton McDonald's linage con't:

3. Joseph Lender McDonald Born 4/20/1911 Died 5/13/69
Married Leonora Barksdale on 12/22/1933
Leonora and Lender had one child

(a) Ann Elizabeth McDonald born 10/6/35
Ann Married Charlie Mack McGee on 3/4/53
Mack was born on 3/25/32 died 5/16/64
Sad Note: Mack, Ann and Son Spadie (Jr.) were returning from a Cub Scout Jamboree in Birmingham and were involved in a bad wreck they were hit head on by a drunk driver. Mack died in several days, Ann was critically hurt and was in a body cast for months, and miracle of miracles, Spadie was not badly hurt.

Ann and Mack McGee's had one son:

(1) Charlie Mack McGee, Jr. born 1/31/56 Nicknamed Spadie
married Kathy L. Gann in 1975
Mack,Jr. and Kathy had two children
(c1c) Chris Paul McGee born 8/4/75
(c2c) Michael Shawn McGee born 6/26/79
Divorced in 1981
2nd marriage to Charlene D. Carr on 8/7/81
Mack, Jr. and Charlene had one child
(c3c) Jeremy Mack McGee born 11/4/83
Mack, Jr. has one step son Jimmy Robert Carr born 3/30/80

Ann's 2nd marriage was to John Wesley Bourn, Jr. born 7/30/26
Ann married Johnny on 5/18/79.
Ann has three stepchildren Mark, Jeff Bourne and Teri Bourn.She has Patrick,Mickey,Jeffery Caleb step grandsons
One step granddaughter Emily Bourn.

Note: Lender married three more times but had no more children
He died in May 69 from Pancretic Cancer.

4. Waymond Alvis McDonald born 3/19/1915 died 9/20/68
Waymond Married Hattie Mae White on 7/20/35

(a) Waymond Eugene McDonald born 8/20/36 died 12/23/43

Waymond Eugene McDonald: Sad Note: Eugene was seven years old and school had just let out for the Christmas holidays. Eugene was shot on Dec. 20, 1943 (war was raging) by a 14 year old neighbor, named Cody Shirah. He had stolen the gun from a customer on his paper route and stolen bullets from another customer. He shot Eugene in the stomach. Eugene had surgury, and lived three days, but died from blood poisoning. He was buried on Christmas Day 1943. (Note of Typist) Eugene was a lovable, bright mischievous seven year old boy, and at that time the only boy McDonald grandchild in our immediate family. I loved him with all my heart. It took our family many years before we had a normal Christmas again Two very sweet little memories from that time.... The week before he was shot, I, (His aunt and 22 years old had been working in a Newberry's Store at Montgomery while my husband was at Maxwell Field.) We got in a dozen footballs, since they were using leather and rubber - war effort - remember ? People in the store bought them and they never got out on the counter. That week-end, I went home to Birmingham and carried my gifts for my family. I had wrapped them, and had planned to put them under their tree. But as I approached their house, I had ridden the street car there, and was walking the last block, I saw Eugene and his buddies playing football with an old knotted-up towel for a football. I took the package out and gave it to him right there on the sidewalk. But as he had approached me he had said, "Aunt Johnnie - Don't Kiss me out here, wait till I come in the house" I'll always be glad I gave him the football that early and he REALLY ENJOYED IT. The other sweet and sad memory was that two days after Christmas his mother found a "surprise" in his shirt drawer, it was a calendar he had made for his mom and dad in 2nd grade. He had wrapped it in a paper towel, from the school bathroom and tied it with a red string, He had a 4year old sister and a six-week old sister. His death left a big hole in our lives. His dad really had a tough time surviving it.

(b) Jeanette McDonald born 12/7/40
1st marriage to Morris Vicker in 1960 ? Divorced date unk.
2nd marriage to Don Silies - date unk.
(Jan) has stepchildren and grandchildren.

Waymond and Hattie Mae McDonald's family con't:

(c) Christie McDonald born 11/4/43
Married J. Kyle Givens 12/ 61 ?
Christie and Kyle had three children;
(1) Kylia born _____ married K. Jordan _____
Kylia has two daughters - names unknown to me.
(2) Jay is married and has two children
(3) Krissa is married and no children
Christie and Kyle are divorced date unk.

Waymond's second family; Married Ruth Browning - date unknown

(d) Elizabeth Fay (Liz) born 6/1/52
Married Jack Leonard Bardill, jr.
(1) Jennifer (Jen) Carolyn born 5/2/75
(2) Jack 1. (Trey) Bardill, III born 11/21/78
Divorced in 1981

(e) Carolyn Rachel McDonald born 7/17/53
Married David Folsom date unk. Divorced date unk.
Whereabouts and status of children, etc. unknown

(f) Martha McDonald born 12/9/54
Married Herbert Emory Arnold in 76
(1) Thomas Jefferson born 8/20/77
(2) Matthew born 7/21/79
Divorced 81.

(g) Jo Lynn McDonald born 7/25/56
Married Keith Marcus on 5/28/83
(1) Emily Nicole 5/1/85
(2) Joshua Keith 2/1/90

(h) Peggy Sue McDonald born 1/16/58

(i) Carlos Crayton McDonald born 2/21/59
Married Cheryl Carter 6/17/81 no children
Note: May 91 , Carlos has just returned from Saudi Arabia!

5. Johnnie Evelyn McDonald born 5/9/21
Married David Perry Donahoo,Jr. on 8/23/41
Note: David was killed on April 28, 1945 on a bombing raid over Japan. He was a Navigator on a B-29.

Johnnie's family con't:
second marriage on May 7, 1948 to Leonard (Bill) G. Irwin

(a) Michele Evelyn Irwin born 4/16/49
Married J. Barry Griswell on 6/14/70
(1) John Barry Griswell, Jr. 8/14/77
(2) Michael Lee Griswell born 2/11/80

(b) Gay Lynn Irwin born 3/9/54
Married Thomas(Tommy) Russell Langford on 3/11/78
(1) Seth Irwin Langford born 3/18/80
(2) Shawn Thomas Langford born 5/12/83
Divorced 1988

(NOTE) Johnnie is the typist - for these family information.

C: I(E)John Wilton McDonald was born on 3/7/1889 died on 6/16/68
Wilton Married Eunice Austell Bell McDonald 10/25/1911
Eunice was born in St, Clair County Alabama on 11/9/1896
She died on 10/25/1924, leaving four children.

1. Aubrie Virginia McDonald born 4/2/1912
Aubrie was killed in a "tragic" accident in Birmingham
at the age of 17 years, on 1/30/30

2. Robert (Bill) Emmett McDonald born on 8/~~13~~31/1914
Married Mae Crenshaw on July 29, 1934
Mae and Bill had one child:
(a) Billie Joyce McDonald born 9/7/37
First Marriage on 3/6/62 to Harold (Skip) Shervington II
Children of Joyce and Skip
(1) H. Thomas III born 10/31/62
(2) Stephanie Ann Shervington born 12/11/67
Divorced - date unk.
Second Marriage to Warren E. Smith 6/26/84
Joyce has step children and step grandchildren
All her married life has been in California.

3. Clyde Louis McDonald born 12/25/1916 Died 1957

4. Maurice Rudolph McDonald born 11/7/18 3-13-60
First Marriage to Gladys in California died - date unk.
Second marriage to Frances Honeycutt 62-63? 8-22-60 ?
Lives in Nevada - no children

ELIZABETH RUTH - HOGAN. 10.1.69. 1 CHILD

Wilton's second family: DEBRA JEAN - BAYER 2, 18, 7/ - 2 CHID.

Wilton married Bessie PEARL Herlong on 1/30/31 she died 3/11/78 B. 2.9.1895

5. John Wilton McDonald, Jr. born 10/21/31 NOTE
   John married Argie Butts in Florida - date unk. 4-30-65
   They had two daughters, dates of birth etc. are unk.
6. Franklin (Frank) Delenore McDonald born 5/16/34
   Married Susie in Japan. They had three sons, two daughters. names and dates of children are unknown
   Susie died on July 29/87. We do not know where Frank is.

C: I (F) Agnes Elizabeth McDonald born 7/27/1891 died 5/17/81
Married William Henry Blackerby on 9/1/1912
Willie was born on 12/12/ 1889 died on 4/24/74
Willie and Agnes' children:

1. Ira Dewey (I.D.) Born 7/25/13 died 9/29/15
2. Claude Edwin Blackerby born 6/20/15
   Married on 6/16/45 to Essie Eunice Waldrop
   Essie was born 2/26/23 and died on 5/16/87
   Claude and Essie had one child:
   (a) Lanace Gail Blackerby born 5/5/47
   Lanace married Thurman Wallace , who died on 9/7/80
   (1) Jeremy Craig Wallace born 5/28/70
   Lanace's second marriage was to Jerry Castleberry on 8/13/85
3. John (Johnny) Hobert Blackerby born 1/19/20
   married Rosa Jean Talmadge on 10/24/42
   (a) Wayne Talmadge Blackerby born1/10/45
   Wayne married Alorna ? on7/11/75
   Wayne and Alorna's children:
   (1) Daniel Talmadge Blackerby born 7/27/78
   (2) Rachel Elizabeth Blackerby born 12/5/80
   (b) John William (Billy) born 7/20/49
   Married Barbara Eloise Pope on 3/14/75
   (1) Joy Elizabeth born 6/18/82
   (2) Matthew Wilson born 2/21/86
4. Effie Leona Blackerby born on 7/25/25
   Married Hugh Dunson on 12/19/49
   They had one child:
   (1) James Hugh Dunson born and died on 7/25/51

C: I (G) Earl Embrue McDonald born 4/22/1898 died 12/23/75
was married on 6/25/1920 to Icia Lou allison born 12/18/95
Icia died on 10/3/82
They had one child;

1. Martha Jane McDonald born on 12/22/23

Note: Interesting fact to the typist is that from John Franklin's seven children, the baby, Embrue was 62 years old before there was a death in the immediate family, when Sam died in 1960. Also Martha andJohn were married 64 years when he died. This was a rare thing for both to live that long.

Martha Jane McDonald was married to Jewel Gayon (J.G.) Wheat on September 26, 1942

J.G. and Jane had three sons:

(a) William Gayon (Bill) born 4/23/44
Bill married Ava Nesselvotte on 4/12/69
Bill and Ava have two daughters:
(1). Karen Lynn Wheat born 4/16/73
(2). Katherine Marie Wheat born 7/23/76

(b)Robert Earl (Bob) born 4/5/47
Bob married Carol Sue Kincaid on 12/18/67
(1) Jared Robert Wheat born 12/23/71
(2). Ginger Allison Wheat born 9/12/74
(3). Jane Suzanne Wheat born 2/25/78

(c).James Donald (Jim) Wheat born 4/23/53
Jim married Lynda Abel on 1/5/73
(1). James Matthew Wheat born 10/1/78

C: (II) James Edward McDonald Born 10/5/1853
James died on 9/24/1862 during the Civil War.
He was almost nine years old. His mother had died Rachel Sanders McDonald on 7/28/1862 during the Civil War. (Note) , a sixyear old brother David Lewis during oct. 1862, thus great Grandpa William Henry lost a wife and two sons within three months and he was at war!.

C: III. William Jones (Will) born 1/8/1855 Died 3/23/31

First marriage on Oct. 10, 1885 to Mary (Mamie) Elizabeth America Chandler -born 5/8/1860

Children of Mamie and Will McDonald

(A). Harold - born and died 8/24/1886 at Belton

(B). Lillian America born 8/9/1888 died 1/5/1916

LIllian married W.C.Adams - no children

(C) Lawerence Landon McDonald born 5/16/1890 died 5/29/64

Married to Leola Kennedy on Nov. 25,1919 in Oconee CY.

1. William Franklin (W.F., Dub) born 1/4/21

Married 9/11/45 to Velma Ward born 4/6/28

W.F. and Velma's children:

(a) Barbara Ann born 6/30/47 Married to Thomas (Tommy) Stanley Ross on 2/16/74
no children

(b) Pamela (Pam) Ruth born 7/23/52

Married to Danny Joe Axson on 3/23/75

Danny and Pam's children:

(1). Danny Joe (Jay) II born 5/3/76

(2) Erin Elizabeth born 1/28/79

(c). Bruce Allen McDonald born 7/15/55

Married Susan Lynn Huff on 6/76

Bruce and Susan's children:

(1). Jennifer Lynn (Jen) born 5/25/79

(2). Amanda Leigh born 10/19/82

(3). William Douglas (Doug) born 5/28/85

2. Mildred E. McDonald born 3/20/23 died 7/4/87
Married Ernest Eugene Standfield 3/8/45

Mildred and Ernest Stanfield's children:

(a) Shirley Ann Stanfield born 6/30/47

Shirley married Steve Lee on 11/65 and he was killed in an auto wreck in 1971

Shirley's second marriage was to Robin Hood 3/18/74

Divorced

Shirley married Julian - no children-
no dates or info on report.

(b). Calvin Lee Stanfield born 9/4/48

Calvin Lee married Debra Kaney? 6/8/68

They had two children

(1). Scott Riland Stanfield born 3/16/72

(2) Jacquelyn Paige Stanfield born 3/75

Mildred McDonald Stanfield's family con't:

(c). Ernest Riland Stanfield born 5/31/50
Died 1/29/71 in a car accident

(d). Nancy B. born 3/17/53 Married David Lewis on 1/1/72

(1). Brittany L. Lewis born 10/28/75

(2). David Lewis III born 10/28/80

Divorced ?

Married W.A. Turner, Jr. 3/12/83 - no children

3. Lilla Eu Dora Mcdonald Born _____

Married on 7/23/47 to William Thomas Stanfield

(Sisters married Brothers)

(a) Linda Carol Born 2/26/ ?

Married first time Arthur Chapman 6/27/64

Divorced 1971

Married second time to Donald Nelson Owens on 7/18/71

Linda and Donald's child

(1) Misty Dawn born 9/14/82 (germany)

(b) Sarah Jane born 6/25/ ?

Married Charles Edward Crone on 12/64

Charles drowned on 4/30/1971

Sarah and Charles' children

(1). Charles e. Crone, Jr. born 8/14/65

Married on 9/22/90 to Dedra ?

(2) Brian Dwayne born 7/16/67

Married Kelli ? Their children

(a1a) Bryant born 9/25/87

(2) Ashley Nicole born 12/89

(c). Lawerence Wayne born 9/16/49 Died 9/17/66

(d) John Thomas - Born 12/28/51 Married 1972 Died 3/13/82

4. Lawerence Rayford Mcdonald born 1929

Married Eunice Bell Jones 9/9/50

Rayford and Eunice's children;

(a) Kenneth Rayford born 6/30/53

Married Debbie Toussaint on 12/74

Kenneth and Debbie's children:

(1) April Ann born 7/20/75

(2) Kenneth Ray born 9/20 ?

Rayford and Eunice McDonald's children con't:

(b). Brenda Fay born 9/22/57
Married Jimmie Edward Collins on 5/23/75
No children

(D) Willie Florence McDonald born 8/1/92
Married James Wade Lumpkin on 2/14/1910
Florence died 7/9 1914 James died on 12/26/49
Florence and James Lumpkin's children are:
(1). Jack Lumpkin born 3/18/1912 Died 6/13/1953
(2). Ruby Louise Lumpkin born 8/23/1913
Ruby married on 7/29/45 to Paul Riehle Whitten
Ruby and Paul's child was
(a). Kathleen Louise Whitten born 11/23/51
first marriage to George (Pete) Saussy 6/9/73
second marriage to Steve Richardson, 4/16/83

C: IV. David Lewis McDonald born 5/27/1856
Died 10/8/1862 - six years old, died early part of the Civil War.

C: V. Lydia Ann Mcdonald born 4/12 1858 -died 12/6/1858
Died when she was almost 8 months old.

C: VI. Newton(Newt) Harrison McDonald born 7/31/1859 Died ?

C: VII Henry Raford McDonald born 9/18/1861 Died 1937 ?
(Raford's mother died soon after his birth along with two small children in early 1862. And Great Grandpa William had gone off to fight the Civil War, and was wounded twice) (My heart HURTS FOR THEM) and yet we complain and we have it easy. . . .what sturdy stock we come from. I thank the Lord for our ancestors!

C: VII: Henry Raford McDonald born 9/18/1861 Died in 1937
Married Florence Magnolia (Maggie) Chandler - 1886(?)

Note: Henry Raford and William Jones married sisters.Chandler Sisters Henry Rafoeford Mcdonald and his borther William Jones Mc Donald worked together at Durrough on the Abbeville to Hodges R.R. Branch Line. Wm. J. was the section foreman of the R.R. Maintenance crew. Henry Raeford was 24 when he married Maggie. Shortly thereafter he made foreman at Hodges where their three boys were born. Later he moved to Kibler's Bridge on the Southern R.R. then to Prosperity, S.C. He was with Rail road for 52 years .

C: VII Henry Raeford and Maggie Chandler McDonald's Family con't:

Their children were:

1. William Arthur born 4/22 1888

   Note: William Arthur was killed when the motor car on which he was riding about two miles out of Belton S.C. had a wheel to run off and the car turned over on him. The accident occurred May 21, 1922,

2. Robert Franklin born _____? Died 12/25/1918
   Note indicates that he was engaged to Louise Melton to be married when he died with the flu on Christmas 1918.

3. Julius Henry born _____? . Note indicates that he died in a V.A. Hospital out in Washington State and that he never married.

1. William Arthur born 4/22/1888 Died 5/21/1922
   William Arthur Married Teresa Eleanor Melton in 1911
   Their children;
   (a) Florence Elizabeth born 4/23/1912
   (b). Walter Raeford born 7/17/1914
   Florence Elizabeth married Ralph Jordan Vaughn 11/6/31
   Ralph was born 12/1/1909 and Died 9/9/1970
   Their children were:
   (1) Ralph Jordan Vaughn, Jr. born 12/26/32
   (2). Charles ARthur Vaughn born 9/30/59

   Ralph, Jr. married Joan Carol Lessy 5/10/52
   Their children are:
   (a1a) Ralph, III born 12/29/57
   (a2a) Jennifer born 9/30/59 died 4/11/75(brain tumor)
   Ralph III married Laura Elixie De Maioin 1977
   (2a1a) Andrea Lynn Vaughn born 5/9 78 in Conn.
   Charles Arthur Vaughn (2nd son) married Pattye Pressly on July 15 1960 They have four children;
   (b1b) Martha O'Neil Vaughn born 9/13/61
   Married Mark Shreiner 4/11/80
   (b2b) Charles Arthur Vaughn, Jr. born 1/18/64
   (b3b) McDonald Cannon Vaughn born 3/8/66
   (b4b) William Sparkman Vaughn born 1028/74

Walter Raeford's [illegible] married Wilma Shealy on 1/19/36

They had four children:

(1).	Walter Raeford Jr.	born 4/16/1937
(2).	William Bryan	born 2/6/39
(3)	Mary eleanor	born 7/6/42
(4)	Patricia Gail	born 8/4/46

Some Facts: (This is what I could decipher)

Son no. 1 single

Son No. 2 William Bryan married Patricia Cotney

They had two children:

(a1a) James Raeford born 4/22 ? married Robin Daves

(a2a) William Bryan,Jr. married Lisa Clary

Child No. 3 Mary Eleanor has a son Dennis Gregory, Jr. born 4/30/71 Divorced - Marriage # 2 to David W. Ray
She has two daughters 1. Ashley ElizabethRay born 10/3/79 2. Davia Ray born 2/25/81

Child No. 4 Patricia Gail married James Campbell 10/4/64
They have three children :
Pamela Gail born 2/25/81
Vicki Marie 9/29
Brian Carroll 9/14

SECOND FAMILY OF WILLIAM HENRY AND MARY ELIZABETH DAY ADDIS MCDONALD

William Henry McDonald born in 3/28/1827 Died 10/11/1911
Came home wounded from the Civil War and his first wife (Rachel Sanders McDonald had died and two more of his children.)
Widow Mary Elizabeth Day ADdis had lost her husband Mackey Addis to measles in a Conferate Camp and had been left with a little girl.

VIII. Laura Frances Addis - Born 7/17/1861

Laura Addis married Robert David Robinson,

They had:

(A) William Matt Reid Robinson born 1882 ?
Married Bertha Smith
Their Children's names were:
1. Ethel
2. Frank
3. Charlie
4. Bessie born 10/10/1884
(a). Bessie Robinson married Med F. Day
Their children were :
(1). Leona
(2). Doll
(3) Leo

Question * there is a Joseph Earl listed but I do not know where he belongs

William Henry married Widow Elizabeth Day Addis on10/2/1864

Born to this union are:

IX. MADISON VAN BUREN MCDonald Born 8/15/1865
Madison Van Buren McDonald married Lizzie Gaston @ 1888 ?
(A), They had one child:
1. Olive Magnolia born- ? she died 3/25/1950
Olive married Bluford Houston Abercrombie date ?
(a)They had one child Edith Velena Abercrombie
born 12/17/1920
Note: Edith married Joe Padgett in may 1940
Joe Jasper Padgett was killed on July 27, 1970
Edith's second marriage was to Harley Thomas in Feb. 1976 - No children of this union.

IX. Madison 's family con't:

(a). Edith And Joe Jasper Padgett had five children:

(1) William Jowayne born 5/15/43
He married Helen Faye Swayngham on 7/3/1965
They had two children:
(a1a) Carla Suzanne born 9/15/1970 in Radford. Va.
(a2a) William scott born 1/13/1975 in S.C.

(2) Houston Lavant Padgett born 1/81948
Houston married Cynthia Kay Porter on 10/27/67
(b1b). Steven Lavant born 4/28/1970
(b2b) Nicolas Riley born 3/9/79

(3). Judy Gail born and died 8/8/1950

(4). Patsy Marlene born 10/25/1951
Patsy Married Roger William Connelly on 6/5/1974
Their children are:
(c1c) Toby waymon 3/16/1976
(c2c) Cerrie Velena 8/29/1978

(5) Berta Fae Padgett born 12/12/1954
She married Donald Ray Durham on7/14/73
They had one child:
(d1d) Deanna Nicole born 11/12/84

For information: Bluford Abercrombie had one son Joel by his first wife when he married Olive.
Joel has two sons they are Jerome and Grady Abercrombie.

X. BEN PERRY REID MCDONALD born Nov. 12/25/1866
died feb. 29/68 14 months old

XI. ROBERT EARL LEE MCDONALD born 11/11/1868 died 2/10/1949

Robert Earl Lee married Ave Louise Crenshaw 8/1897
Ava Louise Crenshaw McDonald was born 8/6/1882
She died 11/25/1975 in Greensboro North Carolina
Her parents were Hezekiah and Myrtle Louise Elbrock Crenshaw
On the following page I will list the eleven children they had.
I have only the extended families of Elizabeth(Lizzie) and Grady Smith and the large family of Annie Kathleen and Olin Harrelson. I will list these on the following pages.

The children of Robert Earl Lee Mcdonald and Ava Crenshaw McDonald

(A). Elizabeth (Lizzie) born 11/7/1898
Married Grady Garland Smith on 10 23/1918

*** Their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren will be listed following the children of Robert and Ava.

(B). William Hezekiah born 10/11/1900.
Record shows single died 11/30/1935

(C). Beulah born 6/5/1903 - died an infant

(D). Margarite Ellen born 10/25/1904 married Chalie Clark 6/4/1922

(E). Myrtle Lee born 4/2/1906 married Charles Early 12/24/1929
Died 10/17/1973 - Rockville, Ind.

(F). Robert Edward born 10/6/1908 single died 10/13/1928

(G) Harold ? ? ? no notation except killed in a wreck

(H). Annie Kathleen (Katy) born 5/28/1911 Married Olin Harrelson on 9/2/1926 Died 2/5/1988.

*** Their children and extended family will be listed following the "Core" family.

(I). James Wales born 6/20/1915 died 3/4/1917 (21 months old)

(J). Raymond Alexander born 9/20/16 Single

(K). Vivian Caroline born 12/27/ 1920 died 2/2/1934 Greensboro

(A) Elizabeth and Grady Garlan Smith (Lizzie born) 11/7 /1898
Grady Garland Smith was born on 10/26/1894 They were married October 23, 1918 at Popular Springs, Walhalla, S.C.

1. William Lloyd born 11/5/ 1919 Married Grace Elizabeth Crumpton . They had two children: Date: 5/20/1939

(a). Charles William born 3/28/1941
Married Lois ?
(1) One child Cheryl ?

(b). Richard Carey Smith born 4/15/52
(1). Richard Brett
(2). Troy
All the info on the chart.

2. Claude Wales born 8/12/1921
Married Bertha Mae Moody

Elizabeth and Grady smith's second son's family

2. Claude Wales married Bertha Mae Moody

(a) Judith Claudette born 7/21/44

Married Jimmy Aiken Cox : Their Children

(1) Lorie Danielborn 4/27/65 married Jimmy Davidson 6/30/84

(2).Lee Mechiel born 10/21/66

(3) Terry Lynn born 12/17/69

(4) Trevor Aiken born 6/2/74

(5) Jessica Laurch 1/29/80

(b). Terry McDonald Smith born 8/12/46 Married 5/18/70 to Ellen Harris. They had one child

(1). Jason Paul born 9/21/72

(c). Vivian Marie Smith married Robert lewis Edwards They had two children:

(1). Ashley Jean 8/11/72

(2) Bobbie Jean 4/24/76

(d). Susanne Smith born 5/12/61

Married Woody Bigham, III they had one child

(1) Brandy Leah born 4/13/81

3. Robert Glenn Smith born 4/13/1924

Married Eleanor carver on 6/7/52 They had one child

(a). Robert lee born 6/15/53 Married Lois Marie Wilcoxson, on 1/19/80. They had one child

(1). David G. Smith born 7/15/1980

4. Connie Ocalla Smith born 1/30/1927 Married Kenneth James Addis on July 23, 1946 They had one child

(a) Robert Kenneth Addis born 5/3/48

Married Elsie Glidersleeve They had two children:

(1) Stephen Alexander born 11/19/1970

(2).Leah Page born 12/16/80

Child No. 8 of Robert Lee and Ava McDonald is Anna Kathleen(Katy)
Following are some of the highlights of their report.
Annie Kathleen McDonald was born on 5/28/1911 -Wedding date 9/2/1926
She married Olin Lee Harrelson born 11/19/1906
Kathleen died on 2/5/83 Olin died on 8/10/61
NOTE: Olin was an electrician and died from the electrical shock of a transformer that he was working on.

Olin and Kathleen's children:

1. Myrtle Joyce was born 4/3/1927 She married Virgil Thompson

2 and 3. Kathleen had twins that were stillborn and premature. Olin Harrelson buried them in a shoebox behind PaulDick's House.

4. Richard Earl Lee was born 9/15/31 He married Harte Eloise Winfrey

5. Thomas Olin was born 6/21/33 he married Anne Marie Parrish on 7/21/56- one son Thomas Olin, Jr. born 7/18/58

6- 7- 8- Triplets were stillborn and premature between Thomas and Betty Lou.

9. Betty Lou was born 11/6/35 her 2nd spouse was Arthur Vance Swain
10. Sarah Kathleen was born 12/26/37 she married Herman Monroe Lethco
11. Margaret Joan born 1/21/? she married Alexander Esquibel
12. Linda Carole was born 7/24/46 she married Woodrow Henderson clay, Jr.
13. Nancy Marlene was born 8/7/48 she married James Daniel Johnson the second time.
14. Harol Reed was born on 8/8/52 he married Robin Webster
15. Charles Perry was born on 5/30/55 his second spouse was Pamela Gibson

********** This is the info I had on this branch of the Tree.

XII. THOMAS JEFFERSON MCDONALD born 4/22/1870 Married Eva Elizabeth Nalley -her birth date was 10/5/1881
They married on 2/10/1901 by the Rev. J.M.Stewart in Pickens
Their children were :

(A). Nellie Connie McDonald born 12/28/1901
Married Samuel Rudd
2nd marriage Raymond Gillespie
Nellie's children are
1. Edward Gillespie
2. Margaret Rudd Holcombe
3. Sara Shostrand
4. Carolyn Walker

This was all the info listed on Nell's sheet.

(B). Thomas Jefferson, Jr. (T.J.) born 4/22/1904

Married Bessie Irene Burns born 12/11/1904
They were married on 5/28/1922
T.J. died 9/27/1952

1 Furman Derzal born 1/2/1924
Furman married Maggie Myrtle Stephens 6/25/1944
No children

2 James Alton was born on 9/6/28
Married Betty Florence Carter on 1/20/51
Their children are
(a) Jackie Lynn born 1/5/54
She married Jerry Dean Lunsford on 2/14/80
Their Children are:
(1). Joshua Dean Lunsford born 7/31/81
(2) Trinity (Trint) James born 4/11/86
(b) Michael (Mike) Scott born 11/14/62
Mike married Tonya Lynn Rice
Their children are:
(1) Aimee Michelle born 6/8/86
(2) Ashley Nicole born 12/27/87
(3) Michael Scott, Jr. born 5/19/89
(c) Daren Lee born 11/28/66

3. Lloyd Jefferson born 4/10/1931
Married Dorothy Mae Robertson 8/23/52

Thomas Jefferson, Jr. and Irene Burns' family con't:

Child #3 Lloyd and Dorothy children:

(a). Thomas Rodney born 10/1/52
Married Barbara Elizabeth Cowens on 6/2/73
. Their Children:
(1) Jeoffery Paul born 3/9/76
(2) Thomas Scott born 6/14/78

(b) Freddie Sue born 12/8/54
Married Larry Vandeventer on 11/8/72
(1) Max Damian Born and died 9/15/73
(2) Nashua Sky born 7/23/75

(c) Teresa (Terry) Ann born 11/18/57
Married Hossein Majid Ahmadivarji born 2/10/57
Married on 5/22/87 in Spartenburg
(1) Tamlin Orion McDonald born 12/21/79
(2) Arya Majid Ahmadivarji born 10/14/88

4. William (Bill) Lester born 5/27/33
Married Betty Joyce Henderson on6/14/53

(a) Janet Elizabeth born 7/31/57
Married Thomas (Tommy) Cofield,Sr. 8/20/83
(1) Thomas Carl Cofield, Jr. born 5/10/86

(b) Joy Elaine born 11/17/61
Married Ronald (Ron) Leon Franklin on10/5/85

5. Pauline (Polly) Elizabeth born 4/9/35
Married James Darvin (J.D.) Moss on 9/16/53
Their children:

(a) Steve Allen born 3/12/55
Married Cheryl Lynn Jones on 6/14/74
Their children:
(1) Stanley Allen born 3/15/77
(2) Randall Darvin born 1/31/82

(b)James David born 5/15/60
Married Deborah Lynn Carter Moss on2/7/81
They have one child;
(1) Jason Scott born 6/27/82

Thomas J.Jr. and Irene's Family con't:

6. Vetrecia Ann was born 8/3/42
She married Grady Evoene Beaty on 8/14/66
They had one child:
(a) Penney Marie Beaty (adopted by 2nd husband
1st husband was Richard Jackson

(C) Minnie Lee McDonald born 6/22/06
Married Hubbart Clifton Martin on6/18/21
Minnie Lee died 2/4/1971 Hubbart died 11/2270?
They had five children
(1) Jack Wall Martin born 4/2/22
Married Margaret Tindall 9/30/46
Jack had 2 sons,
(a) Garuth Dudley Martin
(b) Michael Terry Martin
(2) H.C. Martin, Jr. born 7/17.28 died 8/22/30
(3) JOhnny D. born 12/8/32 died 12/4/58
(4) Elizabeth Ann born 3/27/36
Married Jamie Timm on 5/12/67 they have a daughter
(a) Kathy Date born 7/11/54
(5) Jimmy Lee born 11/24/38 died 11/24/70
Married Lucille Bynum

XIII. JULIUS CAESAR MCDCNALD born Dec.8/1872 died11/4/1907
Married Josephine Dearheart
(A) Mada McGaha
(B) Sophia McCall
(C) Otto McDonald born 9/5/1902 Married Sarah Josephine Mitchell on 8/22/1922
Linage on Ctto and Sarah will follow after the next two names (It will be a little different order.)
(D) Willie McDonald
(E) Bruno McDonald

(C) Henry Otto McDonald,Sr. married Sarah Josephine Mitchell in Pelzer, S.C. on 8/22/1922 Otto died on Jan. 21, 1962 at Hodges

Otto and Sarah had eleven children:

They are:

1. Henry Otto,jr. born 7/17/1925 Married
   Betty Rose Mathews
2. Dorothy Carolyn born 3/23/1928
   Married James Horne
   second marriage to Ray Wrenn
3. William Arthur born 2/18/1930 died 8/31/30
4. Robert Franklin born 7/18/1931 married Peggy Sue Price on 1/24/58 They had one daughter
   (a) Leigh McDonald born 1/31/63
5. Sarah Josephine Mcdonald born 9/21/33
   married Johnnie Edward Jones 11/26/60They had one son
   (a) James (Don) McDonald Jones born 3/28/62
6. Charles Wesley born 7/16/35
   Married Myra Gallaway
   2nd marriage To Florence stansell
7. Thomas Edward born 4/19/37
   Married Nancy Stone
   Their children:
   (a)Nancy Katherine born 2/11/59
      Married Robert Eric Hinson
      (1) one son, Thomas Eric Hinson born 1/7/88
   (b) Sarah Georganna born 11/19/60
      Married Hobart Emerson Walker II
8. Douglas Maurice McDonald born 3/2/39
   Married Doris Ann Massingail on 10/24/57
   2nd wife Ann Mullen
   Children with first wife ?
   (a)Douglas Maurice McDonald, Jr. born 6/3/59
      Married Kathy Walker
   (b)Ann Elizabeth McDonald born 4/2/61
      Married robert Lawerence Sherard
      They have two children:
      (1) Lanier Whitmire Sherard born 10/8/85
      (2) Leah Gibert Sherard born 10/14/87

Douglas Maurice McDonald family con't:

(c) Susan Elaine McDonald born 12/2/62
Married Bobby Ray Youngblood,Jr. on 8/25/84
They have one son:
(1) Jacob Adam Youngblood born 7/15/64

(d) Timothy James Mcdonald born 7/15/64
Not married

9. Lydia Jane born 4/19/41
Married Steve Blasko
2nd marriage to Tommy Turner

10. Hiriam Kelly born 7/25/43
Married Beth Ann Black Ukena
Married on 3/7/69 One son
(a) Kelly Murl McDonald born 9/1/1970
Note: Beth's first husband was killed in an auto accident

11. Wayne Mitchell McDonald born 5/4/45
Married Tama Jo Ingram
They have three children:
(a) Suzanne Rose born June 4
(b) Joseph Ridge born July 6
(c) Colton Sands born Oct. 24

XIV: MARY, REBECCA, ELIZABETH, JULIA, JANE, MARTHA, VALINA, ESSQUE McDonald Finally have a girl and gave her eight names, and called her by a nickname "ESS"
She was born 3/10/18
She married James Phillips in1896
Record indicates she died in April 1928

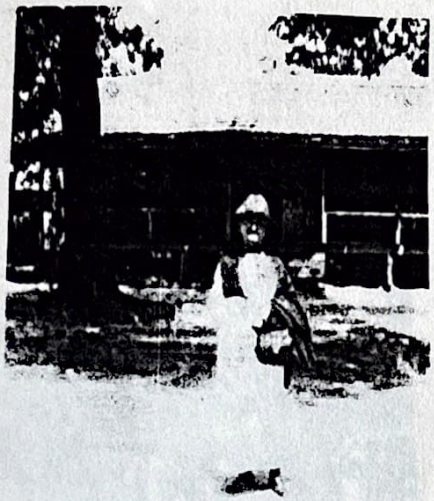
SO INSERT YOUR PAGE OF MCDONALD MEMORIES AND PICTURES AND KEEPSAKES HOPE THIS WILL BE A "GOLD NUGGET" IN YOUR HEART.

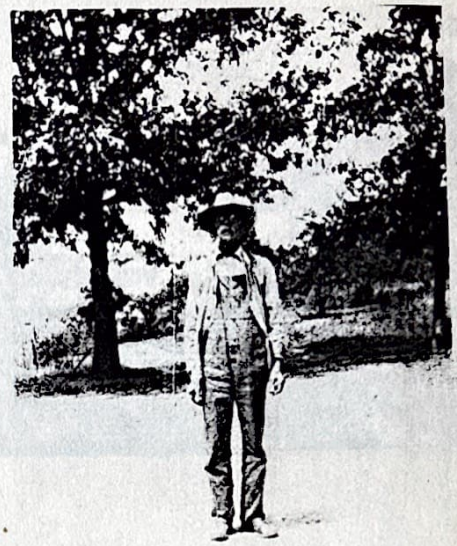
JOHN FRANKLIN AND MARTHA SMITH ROWLAND MCDONALD

APX 1926

JOHN FRANKLIN McDONALD - MARTHA SMITH ROWLAND _ McDONALD

MARTHA SMITH ROWLAND MCDONALD AND JOHN FRANLIN MCDONALD AT HOME





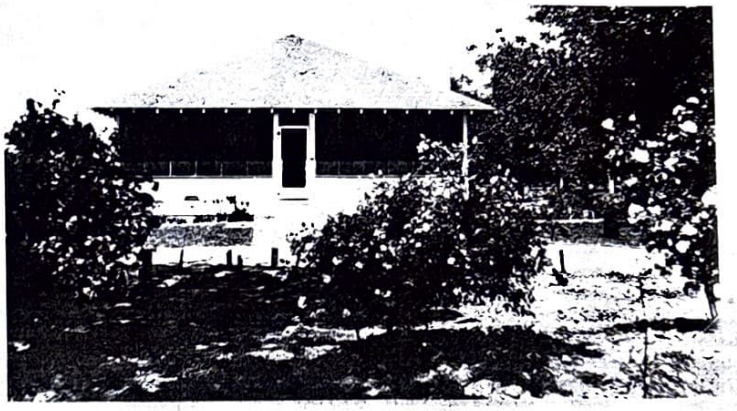
FAMILY REUNION AT THE OLD HOMEPLACE IN SHELBY COUNTY ALABAMA - 1939

Back Row: left to right: Bert, Sam, Crayton, Wilton, Agnes, Embrue (George is the only missing one and he lived in California) Grandma and Grandpa seated in front. On that day the men remembered that they always had to put away anything they used. One of them suggested that they see if their marbles were still over the rafters in the open hallway, in a can, They were and the brothers proceeded to have a marble game on the clean-swept yard. Each remembered his special "toy" and it was a delightful day. (Marbles were round stones from the creek)

Insert 1

Homer, George and wife Amy McDonald at Colousa, Calif. 1950

Home of George and Amy:



Bert McDonald and Agnes McDonald Blackerby and Husband Willie at The Blackerby Home- Wilsonville.

Austell.

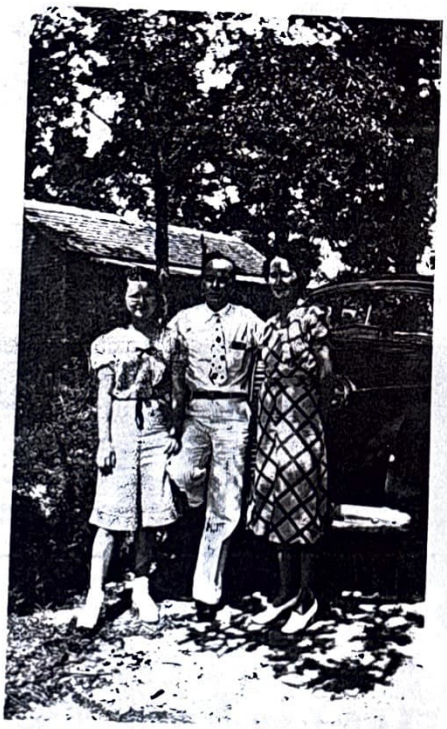
Eunice Bell ~~Allison~~
First wife of Wilton
1924 - Mother of
Audrey, Bill, Clyde,
and Maurice

Wilton McDonald
1931

Insert 2

SUMMER REUNION MCDONALD HOMEPLACE 1939

Sam and Maud McDonald's Family: Left to right - Ruth, Sam, Maud, Ruby, Dewey Gladys, E.B. Brasher and Gladys two children, Inez & Sammy



Embrue's Family:

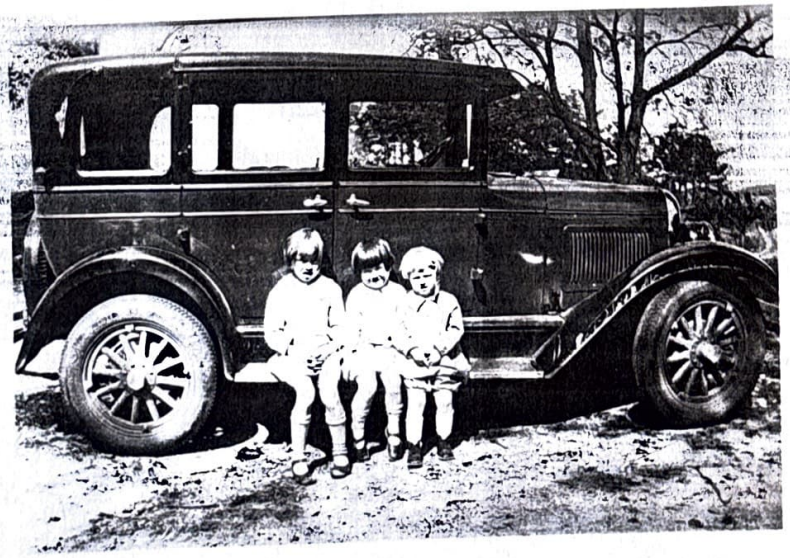
Jane, Embrue and Icia

Crayton's Family:
Back, standing: Crayton, Hattie Mae, Evie, Johnnie Homer, Janie, Leonora,
Sitting: Waymond & Eugene Vernon & Jean, Lender & Ann.

Insert 3

FIRST COUSINS AT GRANDPA'S HOUSE

Claude Blackerby, Dewey McDonald, Hobart (Johnny)
(I think the car must have been Embrues')



Ruby Faye and Jane and I think Effie?

Insert 4

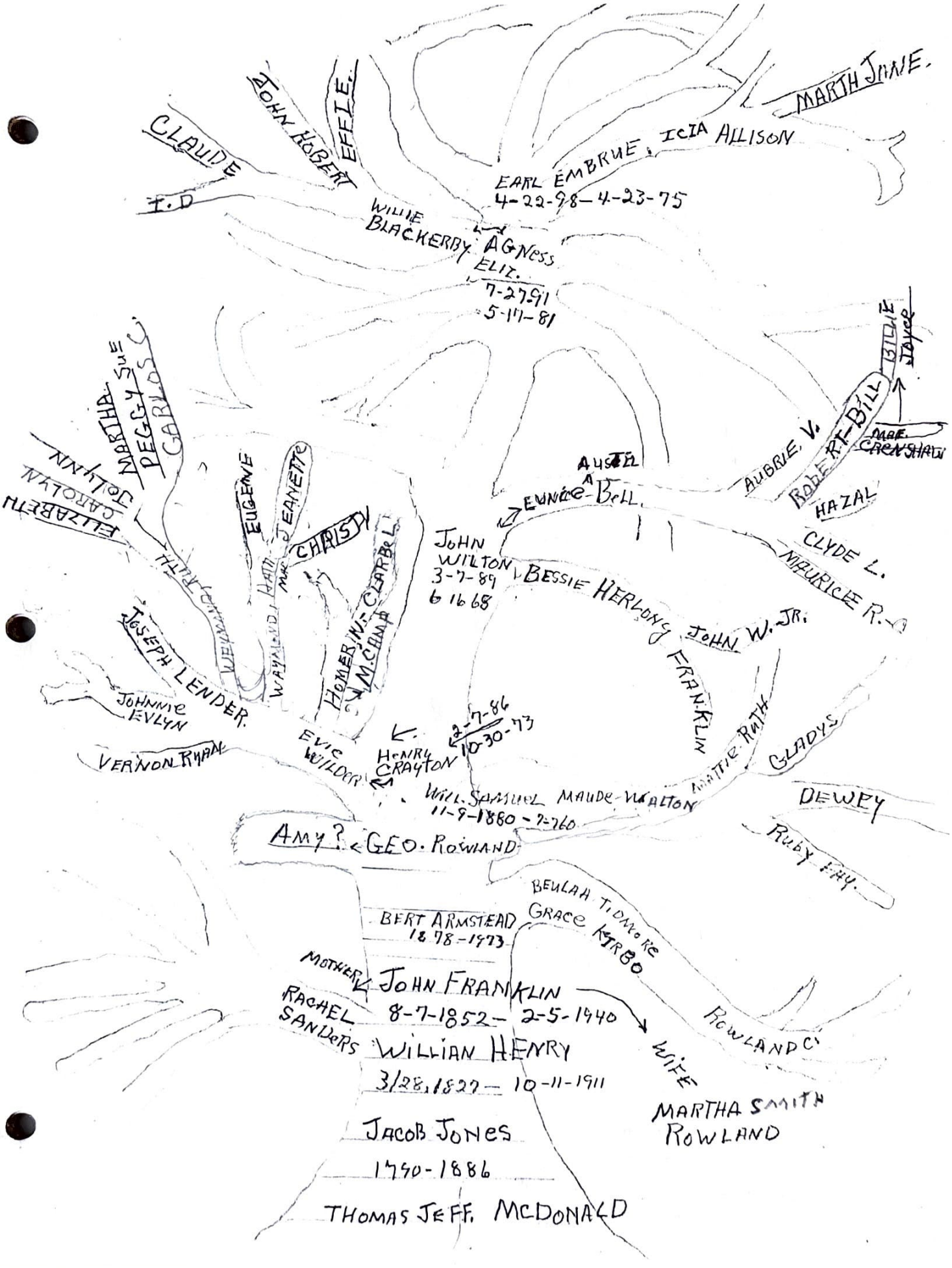
THE MCDONALD BOARDING HOUSE

Some of our Boarders at Jacksonville @ 1929-30
Vernon, Johnnie and Waymond are on front row
Evie and Crayton are on the back row-right side.

Evie and Crayton's house at 840 26th Street SW - Birmingham
It burned after Evie's death. We always had BIG HOUSES and I use to dream of living in a bungalow without boarders!

(Johnnie)

Insert 5


MARTH JANE.
CLAUDE
JOHN ROBERT
EFFIE.
I.D
EARL EMBRUE, ICIA ALLISON
4-22-98—4-23-75
WILLIE BLACKERBY AGNESS ELIZ.
7-27-91
5-11-81
BILLIE JOYCE
MARTHA PEGGY SUE GARLOS
ELIZABETH CAROLYN JOLYNN
EUGENE
JEANETTE
CHRISTY
AUSTIN
EUNICE BELL
AUBRIE V.
ROBERT-BILL
MAE CRENSHAW
HAZAL
CLYDE L.
MAURICE R.
JOHN WILTON
3-7-89
6 16 68
BESSIE HERLONG
JOHN W. JR.
FRANKLIN
JOSEPH LENDER
JOHNNIE EVLYN
VERNON RYAN
EVIE WILDER
HENRY CRAYTON
2-7-86
10-30-73
WILL SAMUEL MAUDE WALTON
11-9-1880 - 7-760
MATTIE RUTH
GLADYS
DEWEY
RUBY FAY
AMY? GEO. ROWLAND
BEULAH TIDMORE
GRACE KIRBO
BERT ARMSTEAD
1878-1973
MOTHER
JOHN FRANKLIN
8-7-1852 - 2-5-1940
RACHEL SANDERS
WILLIAN HENRY
3/28/1827 - 10-11-1911
WIFE
MARTHA SMITH ROWLAND
ROWLAND C.
JACOB JONES
1790-1886
THOMAS JEFF. MCDONALD

McDONALD

OUR CLAN.

GRANDPA JOHN FRANKLIN 8-7-1852 DIED 12-1-42

GRANDMA MARTHA ROWLAND 5-14-1855 DIED 2-12-40

MARRIED 1876

VERSE 152-1883 → MOVED TO ALA. (6). SIX SONS (1) ONE DAUGHTER (BERT, SAM, GEORGE)

BORN IN S.C.

BORN IN ALA. → (CRAYTON, JOHN WILTON, AGNES, EMBUE)

JOHN WILTON 3-7-1889 - 6.16-68

M. MARRIED. EUNICE AUSTEL BELL 10-25-1911 BORN 11-9-96 DIED 10-25-1925

CHILDREN. AUBRIE VIRGINIA, 4-2-1912. DIED 1-30-1930

ROBERT EMMETT (BILL) 8-31-1914, —

HAZEL A ARCHER, - INFANT. 4MO. (MALE) OCT-DEC.

CLYDE LOUIS, 12-25-16 - DIED NO CHILD. MARRIED THREE TIMES. 1 ELESE HALL-WHEELOCK, BOTTY SALTER, BERTIE GRAY.

MAURICE RUDOLPH, 11-7-1918, MARRIED GLADYS B. BUCHANAN RITCHIE ARMSTRONG

MARY FRANCES MATTHEWS LUNN ICUT., NO CHILD.

M. BESSIE PEARL HERLONG BORN 2-9-85 M. 1930, 31 DIED 3-11-78 = 2 CHILDREN

JOHN WILTON JR. BORN. 10-21-31. DIED. MARRIED ARGIE BUTTS, DATE (MK) - 2 DAUGHTERS. ONE "SON ADOPTED," DEWIGHT ?

FRANKLIN DELANO A 5-16-34 = "UK". 5 Children

NAMES. DATES OF WIFE SUSIE & CHILDREN UK

Psalm 23,
Righteous People
NOT PERFECT BUT SAVED BY GRACE
Positive People OUR HEROES
NEVER DONE THIS WHY
BLESSED ARE
GOOD GOOD AND. YOU SHALL DO
WELL

P·A·R·I·S·I·A·N

Jacob Jones
Sr. ELIZABETH

Pg 25 V 65

James Edwards

Patsia Ann.

David Lewis

John.

Will

Nels

Henley

FAMILY TIES

Family Ties *appears each Sunday in the Life/Style section of* The Birmingham News. *The column prints requests for information about relatives for genealogy purposes, and includes notices of family reunions. Responses should be directed to those seeking the information. All requests are handled through the mail; none is taken by telephone. Please include your name, address and telephone number with each item and mail to Family Ties,* The Birmingham News, *P.O. Box 2553, Birmingham 35202.*

New queries

McClanahan family — Samuel Mitchell McClanahan was a prominent attorney in Madison County, Tenn., and Shelby County, Ala. He married (first) Catherine Matilda Nelson and (second) Lolitia Zeigler. He was the father of the following children, probably born in Laurens County, S.C.: Margaret (born about 1809, married Lewis Butler, moved to Freestone County, Texas); Sophronia (born about 1813, married Anderson Chapman, moved to Johnson County, Texas); Mary R. (born about 1815, married David Chesley Butler, moved to Hunt County, Texas); David Nelson (born about 1817, married Charlotte Roper, Mary Caroline Reeves, and Mary A. McDonald, moved to DeSoto Parish, La.); and John Mitchell (born about 1818, married Elizabeth Roper, moved to DeSoto Parish, La.).

He had these children, born in Shelby County: Samuel A. (born about 1820, married Emily Rushing, moved to Lamar County, Texas); Jane Catherine (born about 1822, married John Turner); M.A. (born about 1826, died in Shelby County); Mary (born about 1832, according to the 1850 Shelby County census).

Samuel had four brothers: James (a school teacher); David (a farmer); John (a journalist and judge in Shelby County); and Nelson. I need information about these four brothers. Can anyone tell me anything about them? — Betty Moss Morrow, Rt. 2, Box 96 (FCR-720), Butler Road (Hse 209), Teague, Texas 75860-9637.

Taylor family — I am researching the family of Thomas Edward Peterson Taylor (born in Tennessee about 1825-1827). He married Susan M. Halbrooks in Morgan County in 1850. He served in the Civil War, perhaps under Gen. Sidney Johnson, around the area of Fort Donelson, Tenn. Members of the Taylor family belonged to Shoal Creek Baptist Church in Morgan County in 1878.

The Taylor family had eight children. They left Alabama around 1882, moving to Texas. In 1886, the Taylor family moved to Indian Territory, Oklahoma. I will appreciate any information about Thomas Edward Peterson Taylor and this family. — Mary Lou Pettett, P.O. Box 715, Durant, Okla. 74702.

Reunions

Woods family — Family members and relatives of Lillian and Jerome Woods will have a reunion June 13 at Trussville Community Center from 11 a.m.-3 p.m. For information, call Alice Woods Roberts, 836-8737.

Wallace family — The fifth annual reunion of the family of John Wallace will be June 14 10 a.m.-2 p.m. at Antioch Baptist Church in Bibb County. Those who attend should bring food for a shared meal, folding chairs, and old family photos and family history items. The group will go to Six Mile Baptist Church for a rededication of the marker of Revolutionary War soldier John Wallace by DAR and SAR members. For information, call Ellen S. Wallace, 1-706-777-3736 or 1-706-232-7750.

Green family — Descendants of the two John Green families of Nancy Elizabeth Loveless Green of York County, S.C., and Shelby County, Ala., will have a reunion June 14 at 12:30 p.m. at Tom Bradford Park on Edwards Lake Road, between Roebuck and Trussville. Families are asked to bring food for a shared lunch. For information, contact: John Walker, 1616 Linda Vista Lane, Birmingham 35226, 822-0591.

A Letter from Liberty: A 1941 Family Reflection and a Father's Tribute

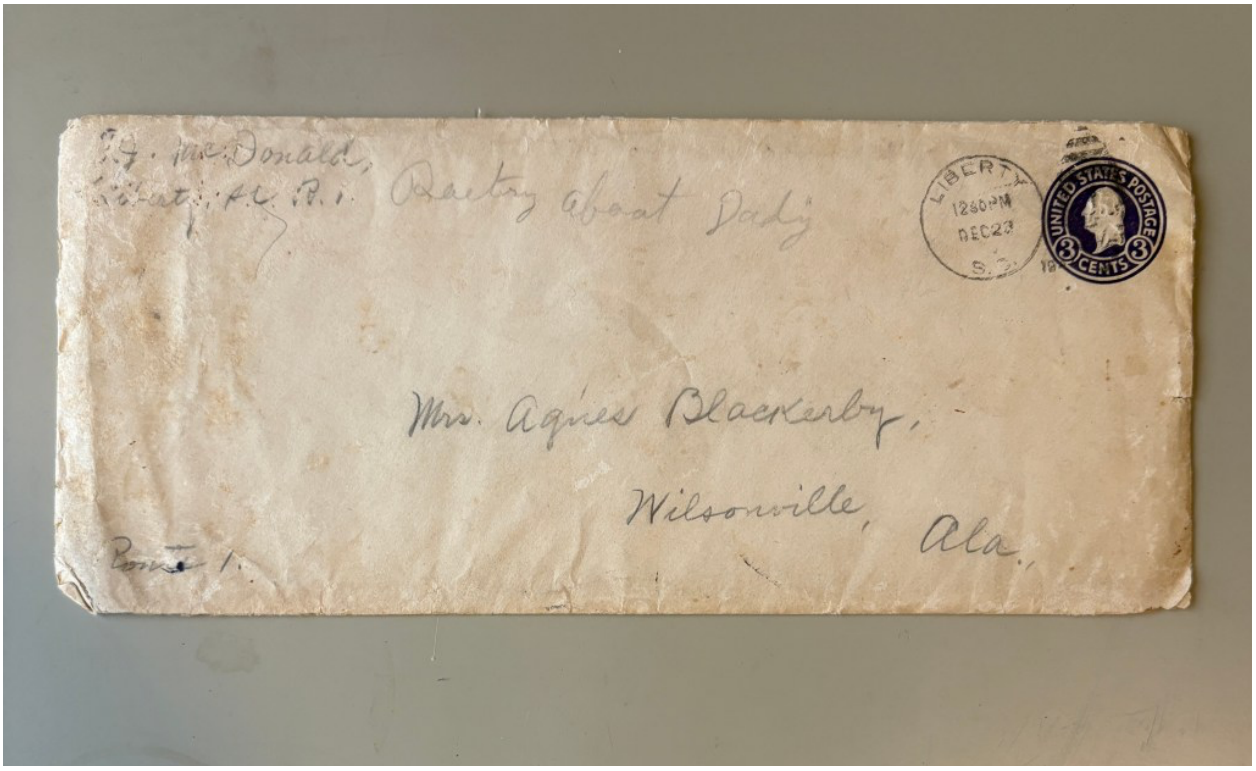
Written in the shadow of war, preserved across generations.

In the quiet days just before Christmas 1941—only weeks after the attack on Pearl Harbor—my second great-granduncle, **Thomas Jefferson "Jeff" McDonald Sr.**,[1] sat down in Liberty, South Carolina, to write a long and thoughtful letter to his niece, my great-grandaunt, **Mrs. Agnes (McDonald) Blackerby**,[2] in Wilsonville, Alabama.

Jeff was 71 years old. His letter is reflective, affectionate, and deeply rooted in faith and family. He speaks candidly about aging, the passing of loved ones, the uncertainty of wartime, and the comfort found in memory. Along the way, he provides a remarkable accounting of children, grandchildren, marriages, deaths, and places—making the letter a rich genealogical record as well as a deeply personal family document.

Enclosed with the letter was a poem titled **"My Dad,"** written by Jeff as a tribute to his father, **William Henry McDonald (1827–1911)**.[3] The poem preserves not only family memory, but values—work, faithfulness, duty, and love—that shaped generations.

What follows is the complete transcription of the letter and poem, presented exactly as written, with original wording preserved. Footnotes identify the many family members mentioned and provide additional genealogical context.



Liberty, S. C. Route 1. December 23rd 1941.

Hello Agnes, and all:—

I receivd your letter of a recent date, and was glad to hear from you, and to hear that you were all o.k. We are as well as usual. I am reasonably stout for a man of my age & your aunt Eva - my wife - who is fourteen years younger than I am, is reasonably stout too & We have been married forty-one years next February. We have Three Children: Nell, our oldest, is forty years old the 28th of This month. She married Raymond Gillespie, and has four children. Her oldest - a girl - married Heywald Holcombe. They have a little girl, Dorothy Ann, nearly Two years old, so you see, I am great-grandDad & Our second, T.J., has my birthday - April 2nd and is 38 in April. He is cloth room man at Arcadia Mills, at Spartanburg, S.C.; and Minnie, our Third, married Clifton Martin, and lives here. She has four children living, and one dead. Jack, her oldest boy will be 20 years old the second of April. I do not hear from Bob often. His home is on Route 6, Box 131 Greensboro, N.C.

Well, it is great that your mother is able to be up, and still read at her age. May The Lord bless her. I would love to see her. It is great

consolation to know that your father was ready to go. His life work was done ended, a happy success x — I am glad Effie thought enough of me to write the very nice letter she wrote. Well, Effie, our country out here is broken with hills, Blue Ridge mountains, creeks, rivers and valleys with some nice upland fields x They make, well, a great panarama of beautiful colors in autumn I mean our autumn woods are pretty: but never as pretty in winter except when beneath thick blankets of snow x Yes, I presume we have about the same temperature you have out there. Effie, I never thought so much about the beauties of nature — the land-scape beauties — until in my declining years. It seems all of my childhood scenes take on a newer, and, more radiant attractiveness each year x I have not any pictures of myself, or my wife, or children, that I can send at this time x I hope to be able to send you some in the future. Your typing is excellent: We all make mistakes x My only grown granddaughter is married x She married too young — about sixteen x x Yes, Effie, I enjoy reading your letter x I hope you write again x

Well, Agnes, I had written part of this letter, but had not finished it, so, when the mail ran yesterday I found an unexpected, and, much appreci=

ated card from your mother x
Well, Martha, I am truly glad to hear from you: sorry
to know that you are not so well x I am as stout as the
average man of my age; although, there is not a black
hair in my head x I have been gray for several years x Bob
has broken considerably, but he works some yet x
Martha, when I think of 1883 — I think that was the
fall you left South Carolina — I think of an un-
developed wooded country: scarcely any Seneca: no
Clemson College, I know that Liberty, and Easley
were scarcely on the map x Liberty is now a small
town of three department stores, five grocery stores,
two drug stores; and various other places of business,
located on the Atlanta and Charlotte air line
about 20 miles north of Seneca, and about 20
miles south of Greenville. We live about 200 yds.
from the depot x
Martha, it would please me immensely to spend the
Holidays with you, but I have no way to come x
Yes, the war bears on my mind, and heart con-
tinually x I presume there has been no such des-
truction since time began x These are truly perilous
times x Martha, remember us in your prayers x Let
us strive to meet in a better land, if we meet
no more here x Agnes, I am enclosing one of my poems:
"My Dad" x A pen picture of your grand-pa McDonald,

(over) ⟹

As I knew him x I would love to see you all, and
learn more about you x I will go
I would be glad to spend the Holidays with you all:
Sorry I cannot come x Write to me all along x
Good bye x & love to all x
your Uncle, Jeff x

4

My Dad x

In praise of our mothers, nice Tributes weve paid;
While Tributes to dad are but few:
So, this, I am writing – a Tribute to dad –
A Tribute to him, overdue:
My mother was faithful – sweet mother of mine –
A better, no other has had:
But dad was as faithful, I Truly opine:
For none was more faithful than dad x

My dad, I yet, see him, come in from his Toil,
At dusk with his hat in his hand;
His hair always Tousel'd – clothes cover'd with soil:
But no man was ever more grand:
No idle time had he – no time he could rest –
'Twas no time to loaf That he had –
Each day he was working – was working his best:
For, no one worked harder than dad x

I mind, in the cornfield – my earlier days –
His plow mule, some times I would ride:
I mind, I'd sit burning in blistering rays
Of sun, as I'd set there astride –
Old Toby – I'd ride him, for rounds, after rounds –
When I was a very small lad –
Till over the hill-tops, anechoing resounds:
William! I hear mother, call dad x

I yet, see him plowing the tall rustling corn –
I see yet, his grasshopper stock –
I yet, see him busy till night, from each morn –
As busy, he was, as a clock:
No riches – not earthly – he'd labor to get,
That wealth, to himself, he might add:
Nor, was he regretting – why should he regret?
For honest, and faithful, was dad x

I mind him when stalwart – I mind he grew frail –
His last days, I mind, he was gray:
But cannot remember a promise he'd fail;
Nor, debt, that refus'd he, to pay:
He bore well, his burdens – he serv'd well, his day –
No weather, nor, task, was too bad –
At work, he was busy, though small was his pay:
For duty came first with my dad x

My dad, I remember, as he, at last, slept –
His sun, having set in the west –
A good fight he'd fought; and the faith, he had ~~kept~~:
In death, he had found time to rest:
His task had been heavy – a task, he'd well done –
So fir'd that, for rest, he was glad:
For, he, with the faithful, a crown had now, won;
For, faithful through life, was my dad x

I mind, in the Churchyard, we laid him to rest:
'Tis hallow'd - the place where he sleeps -
There, Trouble can never, his slumbers, molest -
For sainted ones, God, safely keeps:
In Jesus, he's sleeping - 'tis peaceful, his rest;
Till dawns that bright morning, so glad:
For God, who had call'd him, knew when it was best -
I know it is well with my dad x

He's been gone away, for many long years:
'Twas later, my mother went too:
I miss them so sadly - I miss them in tears -
The world seems so lonely, and blue:
But long, they have left us - God took them away;
And since they have gone, I am sad:
But 'tis not much longer till close of life's day;
And I'll be with mother, and dad x

Thomas Jefferson McDonald x

Liberty, S.C.

P.S. - I hope you all like my eulogy of dad x
I've tried to describe him as he was x

J.

Liberty, S. C., Route 1
December 23rd, 1941

Hello Agnes,[2] and all: —

I received your letter of a recent date, and was glad to hear from you, and to hear that you were all O.K. We are as well as usual. I am reasonably stout for a man of my age. Your Aunt Eva[4] — my wife — who is fourteen years younger than I am, is reasonably stout too. We have been married forty-one years next February. We have three children.[5];[6];[7]

Nell,[5] our oldest, is forty years old the 28th of this month. She married Raymond Gillespie,[8] and has four children.[9];[10];[11];[12] Her oldest [9] — a girl — married Heyward Holcombe.[13] They have a little girl, Dorothy Ann,[14] nearly two years old, so you see I am a great-granddad.

Our second, T. J.,[6] has my birthday — April 22nd — and is 38 in April. He is cloth room man at Arcadia Mills, at Spartanburg, S.C.

And Minnie,[7] our third, married Clifton Martin[15] and live here. She has four children living[16];[17];[18];[19] and one dead.[20] Jack,[16] the oldest boy, will be 20 years old the second of April.

I do not hear from Bob[21] often. His home is on Route 6, Box 131, Greensboro, N.C.

Well, it is great that your mother[22] is able to be up and take care of herself. May the Lord bless her. I would love to see her. It is great consolation to know that your father[23] was ready to go. His life work was thus ended — a happy success.

I am glad Effie[24] thought enough of me to write the very nice letter she wrote. Well Effie, our country out here is broken with hills, Blue Ridge mountains, creeks, rivers, and valleys with some nice upland fields. They make, well, a great panorama of beautiful colors in autumn.

I mean our autumn woods are pretty — but never pretty in winter except when beneath their blankets of snow. Yes, I presume we have about the same temperature you have out there.

Effie, I never thought so much about the beauties of nature — the landscape beauties — until in my declining years. It seems all of my childhood scenes rise on a review and more radiant attractiveness each year.

I have not a picture of myself,[1] or my wife,[4] or children,[5];[6];[7] that I can send at this time. I hope to be able to send you some in the future.

Your typing is excellent. We all make mistakes. My only grown granddaughter is married. She married too young — about sixteen.[9]

Yes, Effie, I enjoy reading your letters, and hope you will write again.

Well Agnes,[2] I had written part of this letter, but had not finished it, so when the mail ran yesterday I found an unexpected and much appreciated card from your mother.

Well Martha,[22] I am truly glad to hear from you. Sorry to know that you are not so well. I am as stout as the average man of my age, although there is not a black hair in my head. I have been gray for several years. Bob[21] has broken considerably, but he works some yet.

Martha, when I think of 1883 — I think that was the fall you left South Carolina — I think of an undeveloped wooded country. Scarcely any Seneca, no Clemson College. I know that Liberty and Easley were scarcely on the map.

Liberty is now a small town of three department stores, five grocery stores, two drug stores, and various other places of business located on the Atlanta and Charlotte air line about 20 miles north of Seneca and about 20 miles south of Greenville. We live about 200 yards from the depot.

Martha, it would please me immensely to spend the holidays with you, but I have no way to come. Yes, the war bears on my mind and heart continually. I presume there has been no much less instruction since time began. These are truly perilous times. Martha, remember me in your prayers and set us a time to meet in a better land if we meet no more here.

No more here Agnes. I am enclosing one of my poems, "My Dad," a pen picture of your grandpa McDonald.[3]

As I know him I would love to see you all and learn more about you. I would be glad to spend the holidays with you all. Sorry I cannot come.

Write to me all along.

Goodbye and love to all,

Your Uncle,
Jeff[1]

Enclosed Poem: “My Dad”

My Dad[3]

In praise of our mothers[25];[26] *nice tributes were paid;*
While tributes to dad are but few.
So this I am writing — a tribute to dad —
A tribute to him, overdue.

My mother[25] *was faithful — sweet mother of mine —*
A better no other has had;
But dad was as faithful I truly opine;
For none was more faithful than dad.

My dad, I yet see him come in from his toil,
At dusk with his hat in his hand;
His hair always tousl’d — clothes covered with soil,
But no man was ever more grand.

No idle time had he — no time he could rest—
’Twas no time to loaf that he had;
Each day he was working — was working his best,
For no one worked harder than dad.

I mind in the cornfield — my earlier days —
His plow mule, some times I would ride;
I mind, as I’d sit burning in blistering rays
Of sun, as I’d sit there astride.

“Old Toby” I’d ride him, for rounds after rounds
When I was a very small lad—
Till over the hill-tops an echo resounds;
William! I hear mother call dad.

I yet, see him plowing the the tall rustling corn;
I see yet his grasshopper stock;
I yet see him busy till night, from each morn —
As busy, he was, as a clock.

No riches — not earthly — he’d labor to get;
That wealth to himself he might add;
Nor was he regretting — why should he regret?

For honest and faithful, was dad.

I mind him when stalwart — I mind he grew frail —
His last days I mind, he was gray;
But cannot remember a promise he'd fail,
Nor, debt, that refused he, to pay.

He bore well his burdens — he served well his day;
No weather, nor task was too bad.
Of work he was busy, though small was his pay;
For duty came first with my dad.

My dad, I remember, as he, at last slept —
His drum leaving set in the west;
A good fight he'd fought, and the faith he had kept;
In death he had found time to rest.

His task had been heavy — a task, he'd well done —
So tired, that for rest he was glad;
For, he, with the faithful, a crown had now won;
For, faithful, through life, was my dad.

I mind in the churchyard we laid him to rest;
'Tis hallowed — the place where he sleeps;
There, trouble can never, his slumbers molest,
For sainted ones, God safely keeps.

In Jesus, he's sleeping — 'tis peaceful, his rest;
Till dawns that bright morning, so glad;
For God, who had call'd him, knew when it was best.
I know it is well with my dad.

He's been gone away, for many long years;
Twas later, my mother went too.
I miss them so sadly — I miss them in tears;
The world seems so lonely and blue.

But long, they have left us — God took them away;
And since they have gone, I am sad.
But 'tis not much longer till close of life's day,
And I'll be with mother, and dad.

— Thomas Jefferson McDonald
Liberty, S.C.

[1] Thomas Jefferson "T.J." or "Jeff" McDonald (1870-1952), author of the letter and uncle to the recipient, Agnes. Find A Grave ID: 39035590, Wikitree ID: McDonald-30508

[2] Agnes (McDonald) Blackerby (1891-1981), recipient of the letter and niece of the author of the letter, Jeff. Find A Grave ID: 34477233, Wikitree ID: McDonald-37980

[3] William Henry McDonald Sr. (1827-1911), father of the author; Find A Grave ID: 50957746; Wikitree ID: McDonald-34109

[4] Eva Elizabeth (Nalley) McDonald (1885-1950), wife of the author. Find A Grave ID: 39030438, Wikitree ID: Nalley-432

[5] Nell Corrine (McDonald) Gillespie (1901-1998), daughter of the author. Find A Grave ID: 72930217, Wikitree ID: McDonald-37979

[6] Thomas Jeffereson (T.J.) McDonald Jr. (1904-1966), son of the author. Find A Grave ID: 49012424, Wikitree ID: McDonald-33569

[7] Minnie Lee (McDonald) Martin (1906-1971), daughter of the author. Find A Grave ID: 76515635, Wikitree ID: McDonald-30507

[8] William Raymond Gillespie (1900-1963), son-in-law of the author and husband of Nell. Find A Grave ID: 113168079, Wikitree ID: Gillespie-10306

[9] Margaret Elizabeth (Gillespie) Holcombe (1924-1946), granddaughter of the author. Find A Grave ID: 38962684, Wikitree ID: Gillespie-10307

[10] Sara Frances (Gillespie) Shostrand (1927-2020), granddaughter of the author. Find A Grave ID: 210210894, Wikitree ID: Gillespie-10308

[11] Edward Gillespie (b.1934), grandson of the author.

[12] Linda Carolyn (Gillespie) Walker (1939-2007), granddaughter of the author. Find A Grave ID: 21911934, Wikitree ID: Gillespie-10309

[13] Thomas Heyward Holcombe (1918-1969), grandson-in-law of the author. Find A Grave ID: 38962699, Wikitree ID: Holcombe-2337

[14] Dorothy Ann (Holcombe) Dodgens (1940-2018), great-granddaughter of the author. Finda A Grave ID: 189945897, Wikitree ID: Holcombe-2338

[15] Herbert Clifton Martin (1902-1970), son-in-law of the author. Find A Grave ID: 76515612, Wikitree ID: Martin-88848

[16] Jack Walls Martin (1922-2011), grandson of the author, son of Clifton and Minnie. Find A Grave ID: UTL, Wikitree ID: Martin-109125. Note: Jack's son, **Michael Terry Martin** is my 3rd cousin once removed and his son, **Michael Martin Jr.** is my 3rd cousin twice removed. Both relationships are confirmed by a DNA.

[17] James Lee Martin (1939-1971), grandson of the author, son of Clifton and Minnie. Find A Grave ID: UTL, Wikitree ID: Martin-109128

[18] Jaime Ann Martin, granddaughter of the author, daughter of Clifton and Minnie.

[19] Unknown child (deceased by December 23, 1941), grandchild of the author, child of Clifton and Minnie. Find A Grave ID: UTL, Wikitree ID: UTL

[20] Herbert Clifton Martin Jr. (1928-193), grandson of the author, son of Clifton and Minnie. Died of bronchial pneumonia complicated by influenza at age 2. Find A Grave: UTL – Buried in a local churchyard according to death certificate, Wikitree: Martin-109131

[21] Robert "Bob" Earl Lee McDonald (1868-1949), brother of the author. Find A Grave ID: 37737685, Wikitree ID: McDonald-37981

[22] Martha Smith (Roland) McDonald (1855-1942), sister-in-law of the author, mother of the recipient, Agnes and my 2nd great-grandmother. Find A Grave ID: 75146840, Wikitree ID: Roland-3333

[23] John Franklin Edward McDonald (1852-1940), older brother of the author, husband of Martha Smith, father of the recipient, Agnes and my 2nd great-grandfather. Find A Grave ID: 75146415, Wikitree ID: McDonald-34108

[24] Effie Leola (Blackerby) Dunson (1925-2009), granddaughter of the author and daughter of the recipient, Agnes. Find A Grave ID: 38771746, Wikitree ID: Blackerby-204

[25] Mary Elizabeth (Day) McDonald (1885-1950), mother of the author, second wife of the subkect of the poem, William, step-grandmother of the recipient, Agnes, and my step-3rd great-grandmother. William married Mary after the death of his first wife, Rachel. Find A Grave ID: 50957526, Wikitree ID: Day-23997

[26] Rachel (Sanders) McDonald (1827-1862), step-mother of the author, first wife of the subject of the poem, William, great-grandmother of the recipient, Agnes, and my 3rd great-grandmother. Find A A Grave ID: UTL, Wikitree ID: Sanders-24272

Genealogical Research conducted for France Ann Bailey nèe Riddle[1]

Introductory Summary

This is a genealogical DNA investigation conducted to answer two questions about the ancestry of **France Ann Baily nèe Riddle (Ann Bailey)**: whether her maternal grandfather was **James A. Mitchell**[2], and how she is related to **Harold "Skip" Shervington III**[3]. The research began after DNA testing showed that Ann Bailey and her brother were closely related to me, Skip Shervington through their maternal lines, yet our online family trees did not intersect. This discrepancy prompted a deeper investigation combining traditional genealogical research with DNA analysis tools such as the *Leeds Method* and the *What Are the Odds? (WATO)* program. During the research, Ann also obtained a copy of her mother's, **Willie Clyde Mitchell**[4], birth certificate, which showed that her mother, **Alma Louise Edmiston**[5] was living within a three-minute walk of **John Wilton McDonald**[6]**,** who went by his middle name, **Wilton,** at the time of Willie's birth. Together, the DNA evidence, family tree reconstruction, and historical records suggest that Ann's maternal grandfather was likely not a Mitchell but instead a member of the McDonald family—most likely Wilton. The research also clarifies the genealogical pathways connecting Ann Bailey and Skip Shervington.

Key Points

- **Research Questions**
    - Determine whether **James A. Mitchell** was the maternal grandfather of Ann Bailey.
    - Determine **how Ann Bailey and Harold "Skip" Shervington are related**.
- **Reason the Research Began**

---

[1] France Ann Bailey nèe Riddle (b.1942), Find A Grave ID: None; Wikitree ID: None.
[2] James "Tebe" Albert Mitchell (1893-1932), Find A Grave ID: 295044289; Wikitree ID: Mitchell-56514
[3] Harold "Skip" Thomas Shervington III (b.1962), Find A Grave ID: 50451026; Wikitree ID: Shervington-25
[4] Willie Clyde Foster nèe Mitchell (1921-1972), Find A Grave ID: 211773241; Wikitree ID: Mitchell-56513
[5] Alma Louise Edmiston (1893-1978), Find A Grave ID: 295044861; Wikitree ID: Edmiston-763
[6] John Wilton McDonald ((1889-1968), Find A Grave ID: 140042092; Wikitree ID: McDonald-34107

    - DNA testing showed **Ann Bailey and Skip Shervington share significant DNA through their maternal lines**.
    - However, **their online family trees did not intersect**, indicating a missing or misidentified ancestor.
    - This prompted a detailed investigation using both **DNA evidence and historical genealogy records**.
- **Initial DNA Analysis**
    - Ann Bailey's family tree was built across several generations.
    - A **Leeds Method** chart was developed using Ann's close DNA matches.
    - DNA matches were grouped into **four color-coded clusters**, representing the four grandparent lines.
    - Matches sharing **90–400 centimorgans (cM)** were analyzed first, followed by those above 400 cM.
    - Suggested common ancestors from **Ancestry ThruLines** were also incorporated.
- **Findings from DNA Matches**
    - DNA matches confirmed ancestors associated with:
        - Ann's paternal grandfather **Riddle**
        - Ann's paternal grandmother **Davis**
        - Ann's maternal grandmother **Edmiston**
    - **No DNA matches supported the Mitchell surname** for the maternal grandfather line.
    - Instead, multiple matches pointed to the **McDonald family** as the likely paternal line.
- **Using the "What Are the Odds?" (WATO) Tool**
    - Seven of Ann's strongest DNA matches were selected for analysis.
    - These matches had **high centimorgan values and shared common ancestors** on the suspected maternal grandfather line.
    - The family tree was extended back to **Jacob J. McDonald (b. 1792)**.
    - The program generated **ten possible relationship hypotheses**.
    - **Hypothesis #9 received the strongest score**, making it **15 times more likely than the next hypothesis**.

- **Most Likely Conclusion**
    - The analysis (Hypothesis #9) indicates that **John Wilton McDonald (b. 1889)** was likely the biological father of **Willie C. Mitchell (b. 1921)**.
- **Supporting Historical and Geographic Evidence**
    - Around 1910, **Wilton and his wife Eunice lived in Trussville, Alabama**.
    - Alma Edmiston and her husband **James Mitchell lived about 95 miles away in Lineville**.
    - By the 1920s, members of Alma's family began moving to **Birmingham, Alabama**.
    - **Ann obtained a copy of her mother's birth certificate**, which showed that Alma was living **within a three-minute walk of Wilton** at the time of **Willie's** birth, strengthening the possibility that their lives intersected during the relevant period.
    - During the 1920s, **Wilton** and **Alma were living in close proximity (walking distance)** as they moved around the city of **Birmingham**, creating a plausible opportunity for a relationship.
- **Additional Circumstantial Evidence**
    - John McDonald was married to **Eunice until her death in 1924**, after which he was widowed until **1931**. According to Eunice's son, Robert E. "Bill" McDonald, Eunice was sickly, especially towards the end of her relatively young life.
    - John and Eunice moved to Birmingham to be closer to doctors and the hospital. John Wilton was not known to be a very nice man to his wives or children.
    - John Wilton McDonald went by his middle name, **Wilton**, and had a 4-year-old son named **Clyde** at the time of Willie's birth. History has shown that children born to unwed mothers are often given a name that links the child to the known or presumed father. *Wilton Clyde = Willie Clyde*.
    - During this time, Wilton lived **near Alma, Willie, and Alma's brothers Homer and Oliver** in Birmingham.
    - By 1930, after a few years in an orphanage for unknown reasons, **eight-year-old Willie was living with James Mitchell and his second wife**.
- **Conclusion on Ann Bailey's Maternal Grandfather**

- DNA evidence **does not support James Mitchell as the biological grandfather father of Ann**.
- DNA matches strongly indicate a **McDonald paternal line**.
- The most likely candidate is **John Wilton McDonald (1889)**, though the conclusion remains supported primarily by **DNA evidence and circumstantial historical records**.

- **Relationship Between Ann Bailey and Skip Shervington**
  - Ann Bailey and Skip Shervington, are **Half-1st cousins once removed.**
  - The research found another relationship through a marriage between the **McDonald** and **Riddle** families. Ann Bailey and Skip Shervington are **third cousins once removed** through a **marriage** between Wilton's brother, Earl E. McDonald (1898-1975), and Icia Allison nèe Riddle (1895-1972).
  -

COUSINS MEET - LR Skip Shervington, Stephanie Lombardo nèe Shervington, Ann Bailey nèe Riddle, James Riddle. Skip and Stephanie meet Ann and Jim to discuss research findings. Birmingham, AL (2024)